

THE
MOURNER'S TRIBUTE;

EFFUSIONS OF MELANCHOLY HOURS.

BY
M. ETHELIND SAWTELL.

I have twined a wreath of nature's wildest flowers,
The sad effusions of reflective hours.
Gloomy the tinges which its blossoms wear,
But they are emblems of corroding care.
Why should I cull the ivy's clasping leaf?
There is not one to still the voice of grief—
There is not one to shed a mingling tear;
The ivy, then, hath no memorial here.
Nor yet may I the palest rose unite,
That hath been cankered with fate's first spring blight.
It bloometh not upon a fading bough,
That long hath drooped, and is neglected now.
The rose must be where fortune's sun may shine,
Not mid the dark leaves of a wreath like mine.

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TO
LADY COLBORNE.

MADAM,

DULY appreciating the honor conferred on me by Your Ladyship's patronage and support of the "MOURNER'S TRIBUTE," I offer you my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments. I had hoped my humble effusions would have been published previous to the departure of Your Ladyship from Canada; but though Providence has ordained the separation of our late illustrious and beloved Governor and his amiable family from those to whom they were so much endeared, still the patronage so graciously bestowed has possessed the most gratifying influence. It is, therefore, Madam,

WITH THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

This Volume

IS DEDICATED TO YOUR LADYSHIP,

BY

Your Ladyship's most obedient

Humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

LADY CORBONNE

MAY 18

I have just received the letter which you have written to me by your last letter. I am very glad to hear that you are well and hope that you will continue to be so. I have just received the letter which you have written to me by your last letter. I am very glad to hear that you are well and hope that you will continue to be so.

WITH THE MOST RESPECTFUL REGARDS AND DEAR WISHES

Yours truly

"I RECOMMEND TO YOUR LADYSHIP"

Yours truly

11th March 1850

THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE.

THE mourner, who is induced to appeal to the public, and to offer these sad effusions of her pen, as an authoress feels deeply that there will be many who will think harshly of her presenting such ; but it is to be remembered that the appeal is made as a widow in reduced circumstances, and as a stranger in a land without one tie of affinity.

Her mind has been trained early to sorrow and affliction, and therefore the productions of her muse are tintured, generally, with the sway of her own dejected feelings. Her impressions are those of sorrow, and from that source is derived the plaintive tone of the "MOURNER'S TRIBUTE."

THE ATTACK

The manner, who is induced to appeal to the public, and to offer those exhibitions of her own as an author, feels deeply that there will be many who will think hastily of her presence, and that it is to be remembered that the appeal is made in a world of reduced circumstances, and as a stranger in a land without one of affinity.

Her mind has been trained early to sorrow and affliction, and therefore the production of her work is limited, generally, with the view of her own rejected feelings. Her impressions are those of sorrow, and thus that sorrow is often the motive force of the "Mourner's Prayer."

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THE DRUID'S RITE.

A young Chieftain among the ancient Britons was attached to a vestal destined to become a Druidess. It was investigated; and as he would not retract the vow he had pledged her, he was immolated by the Druid's vengeance. She soon followed him, and laid in the same grave.—*History of the Ancient Britons.*

THE gloom that lingers on the sunset hour
 Had not yet passed—it left a chilling power
 On all around. The winds no murmurs gave,—
 The curfew's echo died upon the wave ;
 The sea-bird slept upon the ocean's breast,
 Lulled to repose ;—the tall trees were at rest—
 The closing flowers assumed their nightly hue,
 And the light leaves were silent as the dew.
 The distant hills gleamed through the evening mist,
 Their darkened heights the twilight shadows kissed ;
 The rising moon looked from the cloudless skies ;
 The time drew near for evening sacrifice ;

And as her pale light in the heaven arose,
So all beneath woke from its soft repose.
The curlew's shriek responded to the wave,
And the night-wind moaned o'er the victim's grave;
And as it murmur'd through the lonely oak,
A deep-toned voice in hollow accents spoke,
"The hour at last is come: the full moon now
Silvers the dark leaves of our hallowed bough;
Propitious stars display their watching rays
As if to brighten in his lingering gaze.
His spirit must depart. Away! away!
The Druid's rite admits of no delay."
The victim sighed—too young, too proud, to brave
The utter darkness of an unknown grave;
But in heroic courage felt not aught
Of fear or terror with that impulse wrought.
Yet sighed he deeply—hope for him was hushed—
Past scenes, like shadows, on his memory rushed;
But vain that dreaming rest—the moments fly
And thought dispels not sad reality.
The rite commenced in all its mystic gloom,
Yet still he shrank not from his early doom;
He spoke—and pride lit his expressive eye—
"I've breathed a vow, and for that vow must die."

Then be it —this moment is the token,
That not for life shall that fond vow be broken :
I now renew it with my parting breath—
The heart's deep faithfulness is proved by death."
The spell was thrown—nought can recal it now—
That ritual dark entwined around his brow
The fated wreath. So destined for the tomb,
The young chief vanished in life's opening bloom.
But there was one whose kindred spirit sought
The one departed, for their love was fraught
With more than words can tell. Say wouldst thou know
What caused their farewell to this vale of woe ?
It was their love—a love that was forbid—
Cherished in secret and in silence hid ;
But it was marked, and they had not the power
Then to resist what crushed the bruised flower.
Full well they knew where the dark storm would break.
It was her father's will, and nought could wake
E'en pity's emblem in his ruthless heart.
He must resign her, or from life depart.
But his vow was unbroken, and the rite fulfilled ;
And deep affection mutually was stilled
In death alone—so now the dews descend
Upon the tomb wherein those faithful blend

In mouldering rest, in one united grave—
 Where shadowy boughs of Druid oak-trees wave.
 So drooped the rose, but, as it faded, shed
 Its sweetest fragrance round the unconscious dead,
 So lightly now the winds sigh o'er their breast,
 And the pale moon-beams kiss their place of rest.

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WEEP NOT FOR ME.

WEEP not for me, when I sleep in the tomb,
And find repose in its unbroken gloom :
I'll pass away like some pale lonely flower,
When it hath wasted its unheeded power,
And is forgot.

Weep not for me—my joys have been too few ;
The tears that fall must be the morning dew.
“ Too young,” thou sayst, “ of life to be bereft ;”
But the blight cankered e'er the bud had left
A broken stem.

Weep not for me, though the long grass may wave
In sighing murmurs o'er an early grave—
O'er my long home, yet one where peace may rest ;
And, while on earth, that must be from my breast
Ever exiled.

Weep not for me. Thou seest nought to fade,
And round my lip the smile hath rarely played.
Weep for the loved—the happy, who depart,
But not for one in whose lone broken heart

Death can a balm infuse.

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THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

" And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord. But the Lord was not in the wind. And after the wind, an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake ; and after the earthquake, a fire ; and after the fire, A STILL SMALL VOICE.—1 *Kings*, xix. 11, 12.

BEHOLD, the Lord passed by—the Almighty Lord !—
And a strong blast upon the mountains poured,
That rent the cloud-capt summits from their steep,
And dashed them in the foaming troubled deep,
The impending rocks were into dust consigned ;
But the Lord was not in the passing wind.
After the wind a fearful earthquake passed,
Which in its awful depths the mountains cast,
And in its wide course, desolately grand,
Deepening the chasms of the parting land,
The raging surface of the sea to mock ;
But the Lord was not in the earthquake's shock.
And then beamed forth a bright and reddening flame,
Which, like a torrent, from the dark clouds came.

As the blue lightning, in its vivid shower,
Involveth all in its absorbing power,
That might each heart with trembling fear inspire ;
But the Lord was not in the raging fire.
After the fire, breathed forth a soft hushed sound—
A still small voice—which lulled the air around ;
And it was God, who uttered then His will,
In that small voice, divinely grandly, still.
That thrilling voice hath ever power to rend
The tall and mighty cedars as they bend.
The God of Glory thundereth o'er the deep,
And wakes the calm waves from their shadowy sleep ;
He urges forth the swift consuming blaze,
Which tracks its brightness from His piercing rays ;
But the Lord speaketh in the still small voice
Which in its softness bids the hills rejoice,
And lulls the raging of the stormy sea.
But not, O man ! He speaketh thus to thee.
It must each heart with trembling fear appal
When faithful memory can the past recal,
And Death's chill summons breathes upon the ear,
“ Prepare to meet thy Judge—the hour is near ! ”
Then is the fainting soul with dread o'erawed—
The still small voice speaks forth the will of God.

ELLENA AND LORENZO,

OR, THE WAVE OF DEATH.

Composed on a Tale taken from an annual magazine, and bearing the general outlines of a Tale of Italy.

BENEATH the pure unclouded southern sky,
Where the blue radiance of bright Italy
Streams o'er the solitudes of Halcyon bowers,
Tinging the rich hues of the golden flowers—
Where the dim forests of the olive bend
To the soft languid breeze, and mingling blend
Their balmy sweetness—where each citron grove
Pours forth the low plaint of the turtle dove—
And where from mossy boughs the roses blush
O'er the clear sparkling of the fountain's gush—
And where the light tones of the rustic's song
From sunny vineyards echo wafts along—
And where the bright bird's rainbow-spotted wings
Seem the memorials of unearthly things,

Fanning the bosom of the shadowy lake—
Where the soft air's low music may but wake
A silent eddy, o'er whose pearly gems
The lilies droop upon their fragile stems,
So purely imaged as if there they stayed
To meet the bosom of each sister shade—
Where the blue mountains in the distance rise,
Like the faint outlines of the twilight skies—
And there, beneath their darkly foliaged brows,
Amid the waving of the clustering boughs,
Dwelt one strange being. Life no social joys
Yielded to him ; his avarice could destroy
Each gush of tenderness ; his sordid soul
Could nought but interested thoughts control.
But not alone he lingered 'mid these bowers :
One dear companion soothed his lonely hours,
And oft she strove to teach his ruthless heart
To feel another's woe, and to impart
Pity's soft impulse ; but the struggling tear
Vanished as morning dew-drops disappear
From the unfolded blossom, when the sun
Hath through the dark woods sheltering branches won
A pathway of its own, unshadowed by
One quivering leaf to linger tremblingly.

His brow contracted with a haughty pride,
Frowning on all—none were to him allied,
Save this lone minstrel of the blooming wild,
Who, in her gentleness for ever smiled
With a calm loving grace—yet she was all—
To move with lustre in the festive hall,
Through the light mazy dance. The wavy shade
Of her long raven tresses round her played,
Entwined with flowers. Hers was the thrilling tone
Of plaintive melody, in which alone
Music's sad spirit lingers : and her eye
Was the pure tint of heaven, deepened by
Its shadowy fringe, and, like the violet, dewed
With unmarked tears in unknown solitude.
She looked a dream's creation : with her dwelt
A voiceless sympathy, which can be felt
But never uttered. Her young heart was taught
To cherish fondness, oft too firmly wrought
In silence and untold : for though her flowers,
Amid the dark shade of those vineyard bowers,
Seemed all that were her own, it was not so.
From kindred hearts must genial feelings flow.
Long had she loved—it banished not the rose
From her soft cheek, nor shaded her repose.

With dreams of anxious sorrow—it to her
Was the bright lonely star which could not err
From its fixed circle, and, unknown to tears,
It had been nurtured from her early years;
Nor had one painful thought as yet diffused
Its baneful influence, though she oft had mused
Upon the future. Yet it did not seem
To dim the radiance of hope's dazzling stream.
That he had nought—he was but loved the more,
Who, in her desert sadness, could restore
Her wonted smile, when her harsh father's will
Had caused her tears to flow, and every ill
Affection could efface. But, ah! the blast
Of his absorbing feeling wrought at last.
The thought gained on him—oft Lorenzo came
To that embowered cottage—was the flame
Of daring love raised in his orphan breast
For his fair daughter? Now each dream of rest
From him was ever gone—for there had been
One of the land's rich nobles to that sylvan scene;
And young Elena met his earnest view,
As wandering through the tangled avenue,
Where the liannes by the breeze unbound
Their clasping tendrils mid her curls had wound,

And his heart's secret fountain spring then gushed
With streams till then congealed; and with them rushed
Soft dreams of rapture, with those chains of thought
And sweet ideas by fond fancy wrought.
How could he doubt the proud, the high born brave,
Should be beloved? Yet may affection save
Her treasures for the outcast. Woman's heart
With dazzling splendour bears no living part:
Hers is the love which purifies the dust;
In the world's flattering smiles she leans no trust.
Who was Lorenzo?—a poor orphan child,
Whose reckless infancy had been exiled
From fostering greatness; and when manhood came,
Where was the opening to the path of fame?
Not with the sword, for long had smiling peace
Crowned the still vallies with its fair increase.
The harvest waved in nature's tribute to
The chainless breeze of heaven; the golden hue
Of the bound sheaves, which lay so richly there,
Seemed as confided to the moon's lone care,
For here was man undoubting. How could then
The shout of victory rouse that peaceful glen?
Nor might the sun of science o'er him fling,
Its kindling ray. Would not its rising bring

The twilight of that idea—he was poor?
And was not that the haze which might ensure
The dim eclipsing shadow? But it past,
And bright affection o'er him beamed at last;
And who may tell its ardour? As it came
Like the slow rising of a meteor flame.
Where some fringed weeping cloud its path may place
Expressive of the darkness whence its trace
Of streaming light had issued. From that cloud
What might love's own created visions shroud?
Nought but its own decay; and hers was such
As cold deceptive feelings might not touch,
With one embittering tint; but often now
The lowering frown dwelt on her father's brow,
And once, as young Lorenzo passed before
The shadowy stillness of the cottage door,
He rose to meet him, and his boding eye
Looked with a withering firmness—"Hopelessly,
Lorenzo, thou dost love. Couldst thou be brought
To gaze on her with one reflection fraught
With visioned dreams of hope? No, I would fling
Her fair form to yon deep and eddying spring
Beneath its clear and calmly murmuring wave,
To find an early and lamented grave,

Sooner than see her thine ; for thou hast nought.
Speak not of feelings exquisitely wrought,—
Do not my herds which feed beside the rills
Whiten the summits of the distant hills ?
Are not my sheaves unnumbered, as they lay
In the rich valley's shelter ? But, away !
In some far foreign land thy path must be
Since thou wouldst sting those who have cherished thee."
Lorenzo stood as all the pride of youth
Rushed to his brow, and energetic truth
Rose to his lips—full of indignant fire ;
But to the aged—and Ellena's sire—
What more than this. But in his heart there past
A thought untold, which should those words outlast ;
And he departed. Then the father turned
To the low-latticed room, where faintly burned
Ellena's taper. Bending to entwine
The starry wreaths of her clematis vine :
" Ellena, my fair child, thou must be still
In firm obedience to thy father's will.
Tomorrow's sun must set on thee a bride.
Nay, gaze not so—I will not be denied.
Vivaldi loves thee—he of whom this land
Is justly proud, and he hath claimed thine hand.

Thou canst not think those showery tears of thine
Will stem the impulse of a wish like mine.
Say, hath it been, that thou hast ever lent
One look, one smile, one accent of assent
To him whom I have banished? His farewell
To this bright vale is uttered. Thou wilt dwell
In grandeur 'mid the proud ones of the earth.
Oh, waste not, then, one thought on him whose birth
Cannot be told. The pearl will gem thy hair
And sparkling diamonds mock its paleness there."
A pallid hue o'erspread Ellena's cheek,
But her heart's bitterness she could not speak.
For what were pearls her floating hair to braid,
Were truth and faithful love to be betrayed?
And was he gone—the only cherished one?
Must she the wearying conflict meet alone,
And sink beneath its power? Oh, no! there came
A soft light footstep, and the lattice frame
Shook with a gentle touch. Could it be him,
Who, in this moment of reflection dim,
Was at her side? Her oak-tree 'mid the storm
Of her bewildering thoughts. How swift we form
An ideal joy. But, yes! it was the voice
Which could her anguished spirit bid rejoice—

"Ellena, come, we must not linger here
If the poor outcast's lowly love is dear
Yet unto thee ; and let not thy heart yearn
Upon thy childhood's home. Peace will return,
When far from hence ; and weep not for thy flowers,
For other hills will yield us sweeter bowers.
She gave her hand with fond confiding love,
And then a low plaint from her captive dove
Recalled her steps, to set her favorite free :
In woman's heart a lingering spell must be
United with her home. Their path then lay
Through a dark wooded valley, where the ray
Of the pale waning moon declining sent
A silvery sadness. Oft Lorenzo bent
Over the timid girl, whose fawn-like speed,
By fear inspired, was hastening. Oft, indeed,
The fragile bud, whose leaves have not put forth,
Resists the storm ; so the enduring worth
Of young and first affection can withstand
Danger and exile in a foreign land—
Rich in its own exertion. Wandering through
Lone gloomy solitudes, which, waving to
The morning breeze, and rustling with the tread
Of the light bounding roe, a silent dread

Created in each heart; until the deep,
Calmly reposing in its summer sleep,
Gleamed on their view, and the expansive waste
Of the still ocean was not to be traced
In a frail tiny bark. So, hand in hand,
Along the wide beach of the glittering sand,
Slowly they strayed, amid the wreathed cells
Of tangled moss and brilliant coloured shells,
Or climbed the spiral rock, until sun-set
Crimsoned the pale blue sea. The avocet
Dipped its long plumage in the lucid wave,
With nought its plaintive notes to echo, save
The sea-bird's distant moaning. O ! how bright
Is the Italian sun-set's glowing light
Poured o'er the deep, when the dim Ægean isles
Gleam in the rich hues of its parting smiles,
And the vine-foliaged distant mountains rise
Tinged with the splendour of illumined skies
In changing radiance. But ere long a mist
Faintly curled o'er the water's breast, and kissed
The dewy shore ; then soon with feathery spray
The white fringed billows seemed to mark their way ;
And a low, mournful, sadly mystic tone—
A solemn echo of the ocean moan—

Was heard amid the cliffs; the vivid glare
Of the incessant lightning, brightened where
The heavy clouds were wandering, and the roar
Of mingling winds along the pathless shore
Wildly resounded through the tall sea-flowers,
Green quivering reeds, and snowy-bosomed showers.
Lorenzo gazed—"Ellena, we must seek
A place to shelter thee: the wreathing streak
Of fringing vapor bodes a raging storm.
Hasten, my love, or else thy fragile form
Will meet the coming blast. It is for me
That thou art thus, with nought to shelter thee,
Amid these desert rocks;"—and, as he spoke,
The awful conflict of the tempest broke:
The echoing thunder's heavy rolling sound
Pealed its reverberating voice around,
Crushing the faint heart's hope. In vain retreat
They sought to find, for curling at their feet
The ocean waves were gathered. "Yon high rock,"
Lorenzo cried, "will shield thee from the shock
Of that approaching wave." They gained the height,
But the rude blast was reckless in its might,
Sweeping the rushing tide's swift torrent, borne
By the o'erpowering strength of mighty storm.

Ellena looked, "Oh seest thou that wave
Swelling in distance? it will be our grave.
Mark how its mountain billows wildly rise,
Dashing in white foam to the darkened skies.
Give me thine hand—it is the wave of death!
See, it advances! Hear my latest breath,
E'er it is yielded in the raging sea,
That I am happy thus to die with thee.
God will forgive—" but the loud wind's chill blast
And wave swept on—those words had been her last;
And in death's struggle, mid the parting foam,
They sunk united to their ocean home;
And there still doth the lone and sad curlew,
That pilgrim of the moaning deep, renew
To the low evening breeze her requiem dirge,
With the loud heaving of the ebbing surge,
Though o'er their moss-wreathed grave no eye may weep,
Nor pensive mourners silent vigils keep.
Now o'er their rest may summer calm be shed,
Until the sea gives up its lonely dead.

THE LAST REQUEST

OF SIR JOHN MOORE,

Who, in his dying moments, particularly mentioned his friend and companion in arms, our late gallant and much loved Governor General, Sir John Colborne.

LONG hath the bugle's thrilling tone been hushed,
Which o'er Elvina's fertile vallies rushed,
In lingering echoes, when the Pyrenees,
From their cold summits to the quickening breeze
Gave back the pealing shout. Corunna's plain,
Amid the sunny vineyard hills of Spain,
Woke with the sound ; but there the conqueror fell
When the red field was gained. The clarion's swell
Poured its rich voice, and then sank with the tone
Of anguish wrung from Moore. The faltering moan
Upon his lip repressed the ardent glow
Of conquest's joyfulness. In anxious wo
The mournful victors stood—proud in the might
Of England's triumph ; but the chilling blight

Of death lay on the brow of him by whom
The conflict had been won. The deepening gloom
Spread with the slowness of the passing bier
Which Scotia's sons were bearing to the rear
In tearful grief. The dying conqueror spoke
In calm undaunted firmness, for the stroke
Fell as he wished. He said, that in the strife
His country claimed the tribute of his life—
That his was yielded in the proud embrace
Of victory won by him, to leave its trace
On glory's stainless banner. His career
Would close in deathless honor, and the tear
Of triumph fall for him, in peace to blend
With war's dim blood-stained laurels. Then the friend
Who by his side had stood, amid the din
Of fearful fight, when oft "Close in! Close in!"
Had been repeated, and each noble rank
Advanced resistlessly to fill the blank
Their fallen comrades left. Where Briton's blood
Had saturated Spain—too rich a flood
To be so wasted—that young warrior then
Claimed his next resting thought. He uttered, "When
Our victor king shall hear my death, let not
My brave companion, Colborne, be forgot."

The fainting hero's parting spirit won
Life's last best victory, through God's blessed Son.
From conflict's triumph gone, and silent, 'mid
The war-camp's outcry, that freed soul had bid
Farewell to earth ; and, at the chill midnight,
By the pale gleaming torch's hidden light,
They laid the conqueror there beneath the sod
Of a strange land by foemen's footsteps trod.
Hath not a rising star been Colborne's name
In the bright splendour of Britannia's fame—
Conquest's sure meteor, and the beacon light
Of mercy's radiance ? “ His God and his right”
By him have been supported ; and shall we
Not own, in fervent gratitude, that he
Our Wellington of Canada has proved,
And from the freedom of our homes removed
The flames of dark rebellion, when the brand
Of burning treason lit the troubled land,
And sacred peace in clemency restored ?
When he unsheathed his glory-brightened sword
And raised his trophied arm, upon his blade
The sun-light looked but once e'er it delayed
The rising murmur, and the voice of war
Was hushed in faintly lingering echoes, far

Amid the woods, to silence. He hath saved
Us from its wreck; and be the deed engraved
On memory's dearest gem, and cherished in
Each bosom which would faith and honor win,
Long may the strength of Colborne's name illumine
Each loyal heart, amid the threatening gloom
Of war and desolation; or beneath
The lion banner, when the laurel wreath
Of conquest hath been won, let Colborne be
The soldier's shout to fame and victory.

PEACE—BE STILL.

" And he arose and rebuked the winds, and said unto the sea, *Peace—be still*
and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.—*Mark iv. 39.*

It was the evening hush ; the full red moon
Through the dim shadowy haze but faintly shone ;
The silvery star gleamed o'er the ocean foam,
Like a pale circlet in its misty home ;
The sleeping foliage of the shady palm
Woke not the silence of the stilly calm ;
The drooping lilies wept the orient dew,
And Sharon's rose-buds paled their glowing hue ;
The distant rippling of Siloam's spring
Won a low sigh from echo's murmuring ;
The twilight shadows mid the vine-leaves played ;
The bright birds slept beneath the cedar's shade,
And with a spell the voiceless woods seemed hushed,
When the blue lightning o'er the sky's gloom flushed,
And rising waves responded to the blast,
And quivering moon-beams o'er its foam-spray cast
A fitful radiance through its floating veil,

Which showed afar the tall white-bosomed sail
In the loud chill wind trembling. As the skiff
Seemed dashed against the high impending cliff,
Each hand was raised to heaven for defence,
Each heart implored the aid of Providence—
And it was there. He breathed forth, "Peace—be still!"
And winds and waves alike those words fulfil.
The voice of God was on the waters—hark!—
And all was still. Again the fragile bark
Awoke with its light oar the rippling sea,
That softly kissed the shore of Galilee;
The midnight air was hushed in fainting calm,
Nor flung the odor from the spicy balm,
Nor waved the bent stem of the broken flower:
The storm had passed, and silence held its power—
The Saviour's voice had bid the winds be still—
The lucid waves were sleeping at His will.
And when frail life is drawing to a close,
Oh! may His mercy mildly interpose;
When by the frowning storms of conscience wrecked,
Oh! may His love its healing gift direct;
And may the voice which lulled the ocean storm
Soothe with forgiveness death's appalling form,
And to the soul those blessed words fulfil
To the departing spirit—"Peace—be still!"

THE VOICE OF SOUND.

Dost thou not hear, in every passing sound
Which softly floateth by,
Some tone of rapture in its music found,
Of plaintive melody ?

Is there not aught of solemn feeling shed,
When the low midnight air
Seems some lone spirit of the hallowed dead,
Breathing for thee its prayer ?

Or canst thou list, without a sad delight,
The murmuring of the sea ?
Or is the moaning of the winds of night
An untold mystery ?

Doth not a voice from the neglected tomb
Rise in the evening hour,
And break the silence of the twilight gloom,
With deep, heart-thrilling power ?

Or doth it not some painful thought renew,
Which memory would not urge,
When thou canst hear the lone and wild curlew
Scream to the wind its dirge ?

And if these sounds thy soul can fill
With sorrowful delight,
Something there is congenial still,
Which owns not earthly blight.

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THE FUNERAL

OF A SOLDIER OF THE 85TH REGIMENT,

Who had been heard to express his regret of his not dying in battle.

LIST ! List !—a mournful sound
Wakes with its sadness the still air around.
It is the murmur of the clarion's swell,
Mingling in sorrow with the parting knell ;
The solemn rolling of the muffled drum
Deathlike falls on the ear ; and sadly from
The thrilling deepness of the bugle's tone
The low faint breeze has caught a plaintive moan ;
And now the marked, the slow, and heavy tread
Is heard advancing—leading forth the dead !
And now upon the high and glittering spear
The sun-beam trembles, and around the bier
England's unfolding banners proudly wave,
A soldier's glory tracing to his grave.

One lonely tear hast thou not to bestow ?
Weep, for a brave heart death has now laid low—
Weep, weep for one whom conquest oft hath thrilled.
Look but around : each eye the tear hath filled.
His place was 'mid the proudest and the best
Who in the red fight shivered lance and crest.
And blame thou not the soldier's ardent prayer,
Which oft he breathed, that death would meet him there.
Called from the battle-field, in glory's pride,
'Mid dauntless hearts, whose courage had been tried,
Where the dyed steel was linked in each firm grasp,
And victory's echo lingered in the gasp
Of parting breath—there, mid the mighty dead,
It was his prayer his spirit would have fled.
But no—a grave of peace hath been his doom,
Though humble laurels will around it bloom.
Now earth's last blessing o'er him hath been poured,
And dust is to its native dust restored.
Then rest thee, soldier, in thy dreamless sleep
Thou wilt not heed the tears we for thee weep.
Again the bugles' deep-toned voices swell,
But they to thee have breathed their last farewell ;
The banner's folds upon the air are spread,
But thou art left to moulder with the dead.

drilled.

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

him there.

A little child was met by a gipsy near the borders of a wood, who, crossing her
and, said, "Pretty dear you are picking flowers, but your path through life will
be a thorny one."

tried,

grasp,

It was a lonely spot, the summer breeze
Scarce waved the foliage of the tall ash trees,
It softly through their fragrant blossoms played,
As though the genii of the forest shade
Had breathed a stillness o'er the drooping flowers—
A shadowy silence through the sunny bowers
Of noonday's brightness. Here I oft would stray,
Beneath the shelter of the elm to play ;
And once a voice breathed in mine infant ear,
"Come hither child and listen : thou shalt hear
What, in the bloom of youth, thy fate shall be.
Pale was the star that marked thy destiny.
The cypress wreath will all thy hopes entwine ;
Few smiles of love will ever answer thine ;

ured,

l ;

Lonely thy path will be, with few to cheer,
Or soothe thy sorrow with a mingling tear ;
The world to thee will be a wilderness,
Thy heart betrayed by its own tenderness ;
Thou'lt seek affection, which is not for thee,
In thine impending grief. Too hopelessly
The blight is threatening on thine infant bud ;
The flower must droop, when storms it hath withstood.
Go gentle child—I will not check the smile
Which curls thy laughing lip, but for a while,
Too soon thy cheek will lose its roseate hue,
Too often dimmed by thy lone tear-drops dew.
Go, twine the violets round thy brow serene
But as their tints decay, alike I ween,
Sorrow will canker all thy future years ;
And in the grave thou wilt have done with tears.

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MARY MAGDALENE,

A TRADITION OF NAIN.

This poem is composed on the prose of Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, written for the
Lady's Book, June number, vol. 28,

MARY arose

From crimson pillows, where her soft repose
Had been long and unbroken ; and she drew
Back with the silken cord the dark deep blue
Draperies wrought with gold. The sun's bright rays
Were shaded thence, and with a thoughtful gaze,
Magdalene looked upon the quiet street
Of Nain's city, whence the sea might meet
Beyond its walls. The flushed resplendent light
And shadows scattered by the softened might
Of the low-setting sun ; and far away,
Like dim grey clouds, Judea's mountains lay.

Many a rich bark deeply laden past
O'er the still waters, as they gliding cast
The hues of Nazareth's bright dyes o'er each wave,
Which crimsoned back the brilliant light they gave ;
And gold and jewels from far distant lands
Were freighted here to Nain's glittering sands ;
And wreathed pearls, and silver gleaming piles,
And ivory wrought from the Ionian isles.
Then came the mariners' sweet echoes sung
As the light oar the blue waves plashed among,
And the white sails scarce to the breeze could bend
Looking like clouds whose passing tints might blend
On its low tide ; and then the vesper hymn
The young birds warbled, as the earth grew dim,
And o'er the city's towers eve's shadowy veil
Hung in its solemn mist. But, oh ! how frail
O'er Magdalene's lone spirit was the calm
Such scenes inspired : she did not feel the balm
Of inward consolation, as the band
Of fair and playful maidens, hand in hand,
Passed from the spring of purest water there,
Whilst her heart withered with its blighting care,
And crowds of children danced to the glad sound
Of lutes and cymbals, training to the ground

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Long vines of flowers and interwoven wreaths,
And joyous tones which mirthful laughter breathes
Accorded well with music's harmony,
But not with her sad feelings. Wearily
Did Mary turn away from soothing peace,
And sought in gushing tears how to release
Her spirit from captivity. She leant
Her drooping head where marble pillars sent
A wreathed column forth, when lo! a sweet
Accented voice breathed on her lone retreat,
Poured in a plaintive Jewish song of old,
Which, in its chastened sadness, could unfold
A broken heart's deep sorrow; and a young
And lovely girl in pity o'er her hung,
Lowly and meek. The gentle rose-tint flushed
Her varying cheek, transparently that blushed,
As in her downcast eye there seemed to be
The mirror of her spirit's sympathy.
Her sunny hair her graceful form half hid
With clustering curls; and mournful and unbid
She gazed on Mary's tears, who, as she wept,
Thought none were witness to the grief which slept
Like darkness o'er her soul. "And art thou here,
Addi, my slave? It was not for thine ear

My sorrow to have known. How darest thou
Linger near me, when care is on my brow?"
The timid voice was stilled—the young fair head
In tears and silence bowed; but anger fled
From Mary's thoughts, and a mysterious change
Gleamed in her eye, for beautifully strange
Was the pale captive's touching grief; it woke
Pity's soft impulse, and she kindly spoke,
"Come hither, Addi—come, my drooping bird—
I would not that my voice of woe was heard,
But sing to me, and thou wilt bear thy part
To cheer the dampness of my heavy heart;
And the sweet cadence of thy music bring,
To stir the still fount of its calm joy; sing,
My Addi, sing: in exile thou art glad,
Now wherefore, then, so silent and so sad?"
"Oh! lady, the bright star which lit my path
Is sunk in darkness—my loved Zimri hath
Been called by death—the lonely widow's son
From her is taken." Oh! then, Addi, shun
All love but for the dead; firmly I would
That thou shouldst cherish thine, nor be subdued
By other wanderings, lest they depart,
And leave the cold wreck of thy rifled heart

Like the chill waters of that sea whose waves
Sullenly cover the long ancient graves
Of those proud cities in their might destroyed
For Great Jehovah's glory. Then the void
Of thy young spirit, like the fruit's pale hue
On its banks clustering, would be blighted too.
If thine affections perish, thou wilt be
Lone, sad, and desolate ; and then, like me,
All bitterness within, and mouldering grief :
The earnest joy of happy love is brief.
But, hark ! what sounds of woe mine ear now fill,
Rending the bosom with their bursting thrill ?"
" Oh ! lady," sobbed the meek and weeping slave,
" 'Tis Zimri's mother's wail. They to the grave
Now bear him forth ; and hear his kinsmen weep,
That one so loved, so beautiful, should sleep
Beneath the valley's sod." And Addi gazed
From the high open casement. When she raised
Her streaming eye-lids, then she saw the bier
Through twilight's deep gloom solemnly appear.
There was the mother's pale and bending form
Bowed to the dust by strong affliction's storm.
" Lady, they come ; the flaming torches throw
A quivering glare, and by their blazing glow

Each sorrowing face is known. Mary had flung
Herself upon her couch ; but anguish wrung
From Addi then aroused her. " Oh ! my love—
My Zimri—must the lonely grave remove
Thee from mine eyes ? Methinks e'en now the smile
Is on his lips, in pity to beguile
My bursting tears ; and there his shining hair
Parts in its golden clusters on that fair
And ice-cold brow. See ! see ! the sable pall
Is closely thrown, and its white draperies fall
So loosely floating, that we mark each trace,
Even in death, of that loved form's known grace.
But here why stop they now ? A crowd appear
It is the prophet Jesus who is here."
Magdalene started, throwing back the veil
Of her dark tresses, and her cheek grew pale
With that o'erpowering feeling which betrays
Its deep emotion ; and she fixed a gaze
Of intense eagerness, as Addi spoke
Of works wrought by that Prophet, which awoke
A tremor in her soul. " Look ! is not He
Like our tall mountain palms in majesty,
And like the evening star His placid brow,
As from His lips serene for ever flow

Words of eternal life ? But now the bier
He hath approached. Methinks the trembling tear
Of tender pity glitters in His eye.
See, what a look the widow's agony
Hath won from Him ! He hath compassion on
The mourner's anguish for her only son.
Oh ! list—He speaks—His hand to heaven is spread,
And now He lays it gently on the dead,
And he is raised. Oh, God !" Then with a loud
And piercing shriek, she rushed to meet the crowd.
Magdalene gazed, and her sad tearful eyes
Beheld the young man from the bier arise
At the command of Jesus—saw him fold
Away the pall, who late so icy cold
Had slept the dreamless sleep. And as the shout
Of the assembling multitude without
Rent the still air, and many willingly
Kneeled down to worship, in belief that He
Was Israel's God and Saviour—He who wrought
This striking miracle, He who had brought
Life to the dead ; and now, when He had bowed
His meek head on His bosom, from the crowd
With noiseless steps He glided—to His breast
His folded garments drew. The Saviour's rest

Was not of earth, so to some desert place
He had withdrawn, His Father's work to trace.

After long hours of silent grief were fled
In mournful bitterness, the bent down head
Of Magdalene was raised. As then with scorn
In a bright mirror, imaged to adorn
Her lovely form she rose, but tears glanced o'er
Those glittering gems which could not peace restore.
"Why art thou weeping, Mary?" breathed a voice
In soothing tones, "rejoice, my love, rejoice;
Phelon, the king's own son, is with thee now
In a poor lowly garb, disguised to bow
Unto thy beauty. Look not thus on me
What have I done to merit this from thee?"
"Then to thy father's palace, turn again,"
Magdalene sadly uttered; but the pain
Of silencing her feelings could be traced,
As o'er her chamber hurriedly she paced.
"And art thou angered with me, Mary, when
I bring a parting gift? My father, then,
Shall quickly be obeyed, for he had sent
To bring me to his presence, and I bent
My erring footsteps hither. I will go,
Since thy dark melancholy frowns thou wilt bestow.

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E'er the first gleaming of the morning light,
With plume and shield, and ready for the fight
With battle spear, will Phelon then go forth
To lead the mighty army ; and the earth
His war-horse steps shall echo. Mary turned
With palid cheek, and sorrowfully learned
He was so to depart ; and plaintively she said,
" Oh ! I have loved thee, Phelon ; but betrayed
My bosom's peace hath been ; and now I pray
Never again to meet thine eyes' bright ray
Of doating love, nor hear the silvery tone
Which thy dear voice for me must ever own.
But I have sinned. Go from me—go—depart,
And let repentance claim my breaking heart."
Sternly and stedfastly he looked on her
As she thus spoke, and with a glance to stir
Her inmost soul, " Oh ! Mary, thou hast seen
Or heard of that same Prophet, Nazarene,
Who calleth Himself Jesus." " I did gaze
On Him," she calmly uttered, " and the rays
Of mercy round Him shone : contrition then
Awoke in silence ; and tomorrow, when
Thou in the battle wilt proud conquest meet,
I shall in dust be kneeling at His feet."

Phelon laughed tauntingly, as he replied,
" Mary, look on my gift," and at her side
An exquisitely woven casket laid.
The soft flame from the shaded lamp then played
In aromatic odour o'er the gold
And beaming jewels, which its glittering told
Were there encircled, and sweet spices, blent
With myrrh and cassia, forth their mingling scent.
" Hence, tempter ! hence !" she shrieked, " or thou wilt
hear

Thy name, like thunder, sent upon the ear
Of Nain's peaceful sleepers. Thoughts which tear
And rend my frantic soul, I must not bear
To sway me so." But unaccustomed to
Her strange wild mood, he left her ; and she threw
Prostrate her form upon the marble floor,
And pressed her burning brow, and strove to pour
Her spirit's torment forth ; and mightily
She writhed and wept, and strong her grief could be,
For her sins had been many. When she rose
It was past midnight, and in calm repose
The tranquil city lay : all was hushed, save
The soldier's watch-cry, when he slowly gave
The passing word, and the resounding clang
Of heavy spears upon the armour rang.

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The waves came rippling from the distant sea
With melancholy sound, and Galilee
Lay in the splendour of the moon's full light,
Serene and beautiful. The breeze of night,
Which, through the day, 'mid groves and orange bowers,
Had been exhaling from the snowy flowers
A balmy fragrance, now passed with a tone
Of something sadly mournful—as alone
Mary watched o'er that scene. The ruby gleamed
In her long floating tresses, as they streamed
In rich luxuriance ; and the pearl's pale hue
Over her costly robe of crimson threw
A softened radiance ; and her sandaled feet
Bore silver stars for clasps of gems to meet.
She looked out on the heavens, pure and bright,
And holy came the softness of that light,
In azure and in glory. From on high
Again she turned to earth, and there her eye
Saw e'en the watch-dogs slumbering ; then she gazed
Round her apartment, and there faintly blazed
Her solitary lamp ; her singing bird
Slept in its gilded cage, and scarce was heard
The fountain's murmur as it wandered through
The laver's marble roses ; and there, too,

Laid Addi, in her soft sleep ; and her dream
Of Zimri was, for a calm, gentle stream
Of tears was on her cheek. Where could she find
Aught of an anguish like her phrenzied mind ?
Her harp's glad melody, she sought to win,
But her light fingers trembled, for within
Her breast the demon ragèd ; the wandering trace
Of tears was on the chords ; her palid face
She slowly raised, and her white arm she threw
Back on its resting place ; the changing hue
Marked her pale compressed lips ; her eyes she closed,
As if a breathless statue there reposed,
Waiting the touch of Promethean fire,
To wake it into life, and to inspire
The gush of feeling. But, e'er long, her breast
Began to heave, and her teeth firmly prest
Upon her arm ; then with a bursting cry
She gave herself up to her agony.
Upon her knees she bent in wild despair,
And tore the dazzling brilliants from her hair ;
Beneath her feet the precious casket fell,
And her heart quivered in its mighty swell.
Addi was wakened with the piercing grief
Of her fair mistress. " Lady, seek relief

From Him who raised the dead. Oh! He can heal
Thy spirit's wounds—to Him thy pangs reveal."

"And wherefore, maiden, wherefore, then should I

A great despairing sinner even lie

Beneath His feet? Would He not from me turn,

And my sad words of supplication spurn?"

"Oh! no, not so. If death's pale sleeper could

Rise at His voice, surely thy spirit would

Wake unto peace through Him. If from the grave

He can call back, so surely will He save

Thee from thy sins. Place but in Him thy trust,

And He will raise thee, weeping, from the dust,

To be forgiven. Oh! then, lady, go:

It is the sinner and the outcast who

Should go to Him, for He is said to take

The burthen from the weary, and not break

The bruised reed." And Mary listened till

The weary conflict of her soul grew still;

And she on Addi's slight form laid her head,

Clasped her fair hands, and calmly, freely shed

Tears, in the hope of peace through His great name.

And as "the Master sat at meat," there came,

On that same day, a lowly woman, veiled,

Who knelt at Jesus' feet, and there bewailed

Her guiltiness of sin, and with her tears
Bedewed those sacred feet. What thrilling fears
Her bosom heaved, as with her raven hair
She wiped those tears away, in silent prayer;
And then the spikenard's rich perfume bestowed
Its aromatic fragrance, as it flowed
In balmy incense; but the Saviour knew
What she would ask, and mercifully to
Her listening ear He said, "Thy sins have been
Many and great, but here now hast thou seen
Forgiveness freely given: go in peace
And sin no more—thy faith hath saved thee—cease.

And Mary Magdalene departed hence
From Nain's quiet city. Far from thence
She in the desert dwelt—and in its still
And solemn solitudes sought to fulfil
Her penitence in tears; and in its gloom
She raised an altar unto Him by whom
Her sins had been forgiven.

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THE PARTING.

My heart hath been thrilled with a sister's love—
A deep fraught emotion, all change above ;
But the joys are fled, which the past could bring,
And the hopes which it cherished are withering.
From the happy band of this peaceful home
The lone strayed lamb of the fold I will roam.
When wandering far from our lowly vine,
Beneath the sweet shade of its leafy shrine,
With a tender love hath the evening kiss,
At the hour of rest, been our parting bliss,
And the fervent tone of the fond delight
That joyously uttered " Good night—good night."
But now must the mists of the twilight fall,
Like the dampening gloom which surrounds us all,
And with glad free steps we no more will meet,
In the morning light, our rising to greet ;
No more will we wander where nought could daunt
In the woodland path of the wild bird's haunt—

Where the breezes played 'mid the forest leaves,
And the earliest flowers which the summer weaves—
Where the hum was so sweet of the honey bees,
And the ring-doves cooed 'mid the sheltering trees.
Our voices have raised for the last, last time,
Their mingling lay with the evening chime,
For one beloved playmate will then have left
The youthful band of her smile bereft,
But the forest shades will still be their own
Though the branches may wave with an altered tone,
Their doves' tender voices will there yet be
When I shall be far o'er the moaning sea.

THE PANIC,

A COMEDY.—JUNE 30TH, 1837.

COME on! come on! ye faltering band;

We all your threats defy—

We who have crossed the Atlantic waves,

Can hold our courage high.

What should we have to fear or dread,

Where British standards stream?

And proudly may we raise the head

Where British bayonets gleam.

Bright is the glitter of those arms

Unequalled yet in fight;

How vain then Papineau's alarms:

Unfounded, useless quite.

As idle was the panic fear

Which struck their coward mind,

When deeming that the coast was clear,

They left all dread behind.

'Twas an important day of state,

In great assembly met,

On high discussions to debate,

But not to us known yet.

The Speaker gravely in the chair

Assumed his stateliest mien,

When distantly upon the air

A cloud of dust was seen.

"Lo ! here they are !" the children cried

" The Thirty-second come,

Darkening the air with banners wide,

And hasty beat of drum.

It was then the confusion rose,

Each member looked aghast ;

Full well they knew that British foes

Were not to be surpassed ;

So in their haste to take to flight

Some on the pavement fell ;

They did not like to meet in fight

Those whom they knew fought well.

" Return ! Return !" then cried a voice,

" Desert me not, ye brave ;

Your courage makes my heart rejoice,

But me from peril save."

One who was braver than the rest—

The very first to fly—

Because his limbs were of the best

Pursuance to defy ;

But as he turned, there met his view

A harmless drove of cows—

They to the meeting coming too,

Their prudence to arouse.

So on they came, the horned race

Of their own fertile soil :

They did not seek for empty place,

Nor their debate to spoil.

Then, lo ! the cry " Return ! Return ! "

Again was loudly heard ;

" But, Oh ! your breasts with rage will burn :

This is indeed absurd,

That patriot heroes met like you,

Whose courage has been tried—

You who can speak so loudly too—

Should thus have been defied.

And had they come, the warlike band,

They are but few to us :

None here can dread, for, as we stand,
We have the overplus."

"No! We are conscious of our might!"

They cried with mingling tones.

"At home, abroad, or in the street,

Each heart its firmness owns ;

But from this day, a strict decree

We make, which shall not change :—

On days of great and public glee

No herds of cows shall range.

So listen well, ye patriot band,

Ye children of the soil—

Though cattle in that class may stand,

And yet our meeting spoil ;

For after this day's great alarm,

The cows so widely spread,

I am afraid it you may harm,

So I advise your bed.

First take a few composing drops—

Not of the poppies juice,

But of our own Canadian crops—

The fever to reduce.

So with this last request they all

As quickly did comply

As their poor trembling limbs the call
Of nature could supply.
Then to their beds they hurried soon,
And tried to soothe their fright ;
But all in vain to court sleep's boon—
Their dreams were still of flight :
" The Thirty-second !" on their ear
Still fell, a fearful sound ;
It with their nerves will interfere
Until the year's gone round.

Now when upon the glittering steel
The sun-beams brightly fall,
How proud the gallant band must feel
Their courage to recal.
Champions of England ! ye are few,
But ye in fight are strong ;
The laurels battles round you strew,
In peace will linger long.
I have one prayer—'tis that ye brave
Dye not this far strange soil ;
In Britain's home, a Briton's grave
Repay a soldier's toil.
Come on, come on, ye patriot band,
And list to what I breathe :—

Seek but to cultivate your land,
Your swords and sabres sheathe,
But strive not to resist the brave,
Who neither yield nor fly—
They who have crossed the Atlantic wave
Still hold their courage high.

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THE KINDRED HEART.

WILT thou accept from such a breast as mine
The tribute of affection's gift to thine—
To thee, in sorrow or in joy, impart
The sweetest incense of a kindred heart ?
Then through life's path the social bliss be ours
To blend in friendship's love, like young twin flowers ;
For few the hearts which sympathy unites
Conflicting thoughts the genial impulse blights.
But let us twine the bands which kindest prove,
Because not false to lead the soul to rove.
Let the sunshine which may diffuse its ray
In fitful gleamings o'er life's clouded way,
Though evanescent as the rainbow's tints,
That 'mid the darkest skies its hue imprints.
Let's share the brightness of the sunny glow,
And feel alike the sting of every woe,

As each sad tear, by mingling, to beguile
Each joy and hope to brighten with a smile;
Then may I ask, to cheer my darkened fate,
From those sweet hours, when youthful dreams elate
Until the time when ages' snows descend,
Through life's lone pilgrimage, to call thee friend;
Though other hopes and other joys depart,
Be loved by thee, as thine own kindred heart.

THE LOST SMILE.

OH ! no, waste not thy sighs for me,
But stifle each regret ;
For say, why should a fading flower
Be with thy tear-drops wet ?

The sunshine can but kill the bud
That's broken from its stem,
And like its beam, thy smile would now
The flowers of hope condemn.

The spell of every joy is o'er,
Like a faded token,
But now thy smile cannot recal
The vows which thou hast broken.

But may life be as fair to thee
As when thou wert all truth,

When joy and gladness hung around
The cottage of my youth.

Yes, then thy love was bright to gild
E'er sorrows tear-drop fell,
But its dreamy magic past away
With the lost smile loved so well.

But it is gone—I would not that
Thine heart were lone as mine ;
No, no, may pleasure trace thy step
And every joy be thine.

But, in thy haunts of sadness, think
When the wind moans at even,
That my departed spirit breathes
A mystic tone from heaven.

Think, think of her, who shed for thee
Her pure and earliest tear—
Of her whose quivering lip repeats
For thee its latest prayer.

THE SACRIFICE.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit : a broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise."—Psalm li. verse 17.

A **BROKEN** spirit is to God

The mourner's sacrifice.

A lowly and a contrite heart,

Lord, Thou wilt not despise.

Oh ! teach me how to weep for sin

Which tears cannot efface—

Which can but win redemption from

A dying Saviour's grace.

Oh ! Jesus look with pity on

A sinner of the dust,

Who feels forgiveness only for

Those who in Thee have trust.

Oh ! teach me to revere the words
Which our salvation won,
When agony Thy soul had wrung
To say Thy work was done—

When "it is finished," from Thy lips,
In dying anguish broke—
When free redemption was declared,
And loosed the sinner's yoke.

Yes, "it is finished" : in Thy blood
The covenant is sealed,
And through Thy suffering, through Thy love,
Peace is to us revealed.

Then, Lord, accept the contrite heart,
Which doth the offering prize,
And let my broken spirit be
A lowly sacrifice.

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FORGET HER NOT.

FORGET not Ethelind, when far away,
When thou wilt breathe thy lonely minstrel lay,
When thy dark tresses 'mid thy lute strings play—
Forget her not.

When o'er the river's peaceful waves are cast
The silent moon-beams, think then of the past :
In every thought, the earliest and the last,
Forget her not.

But thou canst not forget, for every tone
Must, in its low recording murmur, own
A thought of that neglected pining one.
Forget her not.

Will not the flowers' brightness seem to pale,
And the rich mossy rosebud's fragrance fail,
And bid thee, when their leaves the dews inhale,
Forget her not?

When to the vine wreathed bower thou wilt retreat,
Will not remembrance each memorial greet,
And memory echo in its stillness sweet,

“Forget her not?”

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THE LONELY CAPTIVE.

A young Highlander being tempted by the beauty of a summer's evening to wander some distance from his fort, was taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians, and about to be sacrificed, when the Chieftain observing with what undimmed courage he advanced, rescued him, and adopted him as his own son. Some time after, hostilities commenced, and the Indians were in alliance with the French. On the morning preceding the combat, the Chieftain conducted his prisoner to a lofty eminence, and bidding him look down upon the encamped English, inquired if his father yet existed. On the young man replying in the affirmative, the old Chieftain wept, saying his only son had been killed in the last conflict with the English, and that he could trace a resemblance of him in the captive. He then told him to return to his father, that his blessing should make his heart rejoice when the sun rose in the morning, and the trees blossomed in the spring.—*Coleman.*

THE bugle's blast upon the breeze had sung,
And o'er the wide Savanna plains had rung,
Calling each footstep back which wandered far,
By the pale gleaming of the evening star ;
But there was one who loved deep solitude,
Each gushing feeling by its spell subdued ;
And as ne onward roamed, beguiled by thought
Of those loved scenes to faithful memory brought,
Of his dear home, surrounded by the flowers
Which he had planted in those gone-by hours

Around the green porch of that cottage door,
So sweetly twined with Scotia's blue bells o'er
The low vine trellice, where their blossoms hung,
The trained clematis pale star wreaths among—
The winding streamlet by the mossy seat
Beneath the favorite tree, the old retreat
Where evening songs were lifted, and the lay
In mirth and laughter gladly float away,
Where his aged sire had blessed him, and the tears
Of his fond mother watched his tender years—
Or those wild haunts of boyish pathways cleft
Amid the Highlands, where the dark firs swept
O'er the white village church, whose soft-toned bell
Rung forth its sabbath chimes with pausing swell.
And that retired quiet shrine of prayer,
With its tall elm o'ershadowed windows, where
Oft times the robins nestled; and those days
Were vividly impressed, till from the maze!
Of his own thoughts he woke. Well might it seem
To flash on recollection, like a dream
And one encircling those ideas bright,
With the faint visions of the dim twilight.
He wildly gazed upon the scene sublime
Mid tangled forests of the flowering lime;

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The pine that raised its lofty head between,
Darkened the windings of the deep ravine ;
The lone acacia, in the varying tract,
Waved o'er the white foam of the cataract :
The gloomy foliage wore a silvery hue
As the pale moon-beams faintly struggled through
The heavy branches—till the mingling sound
Of full-toned voices filled the air around.
The shadows of tall plumes came floating by :
He felt the hour was near for him to die ;
A deep emotion heaved his manly breast,
As savage forms around him quickly prest—
The feathery scalp locks o'er their painted brows
With eaglets' downy pinions, and green boughs
Of tasseled cedar twined—and glittering steel
The radiant star-light's gleaming could reveal
"He is our victim," the red warriors cried,
And viewed their captive with exulting pride.
"Break down the branches of our forest trees
His moans must mingle with the midnight breeze.
To the Great Spirit let our shout ascend,
And let his death song with its rising blend."
With ready step advanced the aged chief,
His fierceness mingled with expressive grief.
Bound lay the victim—and the free night air

Played 'mid the light curls of his waving hair.
"Now lead him to his death pyre," cried the band,
And each tall Indian grasped his flaming brand.
They led him forth—when lo! the chieftain turned—
A deep emotion his sad heart had learned—
He gazed upon the calm, undaunted air
That with such firmness, fearful death could bear.
Struggling with thought—the forest chief now stood,
His burning ardor of revenge subdued—
Stay, quench the flame: it is—it is my will,
And all around my mandate must fulfil.
'Tis the Great Spirit bids his soul be free:
One lonely captive is no victory.
The morning light shall hail him as my son,
As a young warrior to the forest won.
The dusky forms withdrew without reply,
But purposed in their hearts that he should die,
For their revenge frustrated; but the hour
Came not to yield him to their ruthless power.
The chieftain knew their wish, and lingering so,
The time passed on, until the Indian bow
Unerring sent the arrow from his hand,
O'er those dark forest heights sublimely grand,
Till war's relentless conflict was declared,
And the red tribe for battle too prepared.

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In close alliance they were then combined,
Round Gallia's standard they their flag entwined,
And from the dim woods, in their fierce array,
They came to mingle where the mighty lay—
Those warriors who had never known the hour
When they had yielded to a stronger power.
Scarce had the twilight's solemn silence broke,
When the proud chieftain from his slumber woke ;
Scarce had the mists the mountain shades unveiled,
The morning star its brightness had not paled,
When he aroused his captive as he slept,
And man's unbidden tears his dark eye wept ;
But yet he led him to the mountain's brow,
And bade him view, where far encamped below,
His loved companions lay ; and loud and clear
The deep-toned bugle thrilled his listening ear ;
The crimson streamer, floating proudly free,
Told his young heart that there was liberty :
He then the brightness of its ardour knew—
But England's banner who can coldly view ?
The red sun's splendor blushed in rising power,
As the clear dew-drop fell from each bent flower
Silently drooping, and the morning's sigh
The rich magnolia's fragrance wafted by.
" Seest thou beneath thee," wildly asked the chief,

His voice accented with unmingled grief ;
' The scene around can bid thy heart be glad,
But it to me is as the desert sad.
A sound of loneliness pervades each tree ;
But thou art happy, for thou art now free.
Hast thou a father to bless thy return ?
Go, bring him joy—for thee his soul must yearn.
In the last combat, by thy nation won,
I lost my cherished and my only son ;
And in thine eye the fearless ardor played
Which ever beamed in his, until he laid
Among the heaps of unvengeful dead.
In the warm conflict's heat, his spirit fled,
With the red torrent gushing from his brow,
As a fierce warrior of the woods should bow ;
His trailing plume in foeman's life-streams dipped,
And the heart's dark drops from his arrows dripped.
But thou art free : it is enough that I,
In the full depth of wretchedness, should sigh.
Go to thy father, where affections cling,
That when the trees may blossom in the spring,
And the bright sun the dewy morning light,
That he may own the fervent deep delight
To call thee his once more. Go—from his voice
Let the fond blessing bid thy heart rejoice.

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THE HOME FOR ME.

WANDERING across the wave-beat shore

Where foams the angry sea—

Where peace hath fled—where joy is o'er—

Oh ! there's the home for me.

Where all is drear and desolate—

Where smiles can never be—

Where frowns the darkest gloom of fate—

Oh ! there's the home for me.

Where loud the angry wind resounds—

Where bends the blasted tree—

Where nought is heard but mournful sounds—

Oh ! there's the home for me.

Reposing in an unknown tomb,

No eye may ever see,

Where none but blighted flowers bloom—

Oh ! there's the home for me.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

—
WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.
—

OH ! thou whose name hath its recorded place
And high memorial on the leaves we trace
Of the bright book of life—yes, thou art there,
Mother of God ; hear then thy votary's prayer.
Oh ! where is it—in what unhallowed spot—
That we behold thy sacred name forgot ?
Thou art remembered where the cataract
Breaks the hushed stillness of the desert tract—
Where the lone graves have been so long untrod
They now awaken to the voice of God.
Where the tall fir trees wave and wildly sweep
O'er the snow summits of the Alpine steep,
Amid their windings, with the minaret wreathed,
There, even there, thy vesper hymn is breathed.

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And where the long unfolding palm leaves bend,
We mark the lowly spire to thee ascend.
Amid the deep gloom of the lofty trees
The "Ave Maria" lulls the evening breeze :
To thee the cadence of the vestal's song,
Through mists of incense, sweetly floats along ;
And e'er the light clouds weep the morning dew,
Thy votaries then their early praise renew.
Thou art remembered where the billows play,
In the red tinges of the sunset's ray.
Thou art implored upon the ocean foam,
"Star of the wave" to guide the wanderer home,
As his sad heart lifts on the lonely sea
The silent prayer or evening song to thee.
When the pale stars of hazy twilight shine,
The Angelus awakes the sacred shrine.
The midnight orison to thee is said,
With lowly offerings at thine altar laid.
Oh ! wilt thou soothe them in the hour of death,
Who hail thy influence with their parting breath ?
Mother of God, wilt thou in pity hear,
When the stilled spirit faints and earth must disappear ?

THE DREAM.

AGAIN departed ! Vision of my sleep,

Oh ! what a blank mine eyes uncloze upon.
When wakening thoughts in sadness ever find
That thou, the idol of my dreams art gone.

I listen to the music of thy sigh,

Through slumber's shadowy stillness, till my heart
Thrills with its response, and I wake, and then
There lingers not one echo to depart.

Why dost thou break upon my peace, if, when
Ideas melt away, I am left to weep

That I so seek thee in the hour of rest,

And meet thee only in the dreams of sleep ?
Oh ! thou whom memory loveth, is thy smile,

Thy cherished smile, but an illusive spell,
Brightening anew each long departed hope ?
And I must wake, its magic to dispel.

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How vainly cherished these impressions are—

In folded mysteries veiled ; and yet the bond
Linked in its soft oblivion hath a claim

The influence of my wakening thoughts beyond.
Yes, I have loved thee. I have sought and strove

Long to forget thee—but it cannot be !
Since, in the rest of evanescent sleep,
My wandering visions still return to thee.

*Thane departed vision of my life
C what a blank prime essence
when wakening thoughts in
sadness ever find
that thou the idol of my dream
I listen to the music of thy sigh*

THE DYING MOTHER'S BLESSING.

A WAN and sickly lamp gleamed o'er the couch
Where the pale sufferer lay. The transient tinge
Of the bright hectic bloom had left her cheek
White as unvaried marble, and the trace of tears
Moistened the heavy lids. The slender hand
Passed like a restless shadow ; and the lips
Were parted in deep prayer. The long
Unbraided tresses darkly floated o'er
The heaving bosom, as the faltering breath
Waved their luxuriant flow. Her dreaming child
Lay by her side, in gentle slumber hushed ;
But a low sob awoke her, in that hour
Of sorrow undefined—then, when the fragile flower
Droops on the stem which death hath broken, and
Is withering to depart, the blossom which he culls
To bury in the shadow of the grave.
And she shed tears—that fading mourner wept.
Long had her heart been riven by the stroke

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Of desolating grief ; for she had seen
Her earthly idol of affection lay
Mute on the battle-field, unconscious of the grasp
She round him twined, as on the gory sod
She sank with him ; and she had seen him laid
In a lone resting place, far from the shore
Of her own home, and, with the blighting love
With which we cherish sorrow when we pine
For memory's buried treasures, she had kept
The vigil of affliction, till the grave
Was destined to receive her. But there lingered yet
One restless phantom of earth's binding claim—
Her orphan child, whom she had nurtured with
Her heart's o'erflowing tenderness, unwearied through
Pain's languishing decay—the mourner's last of earth,
The tie of parted love. She looked upon that lip,
Which bore its father's smile, and in that tranquil eye
Undimmed with tears, which looked so lovingly
On the pale mother's face. Who might not weep
To leave such on the world ? Whose voice might not
With yearning accents breathe, " Farewell, my child—
My lonely—my deserted : I must go
Within the darkness of the grave to dwell,
But God will bless thee in his tender care.

The fatherless are His : the lilies of the field
He hath arrayed in glory, and will He
Forget His promise to defend and raise
The lorn and desolate? The peace of God
Will not forsake nor leave thee; and the prayer,
Lisp'd on thine infant lips, will teach thee how
His holy will is done. Now doth thy mother fold
Thee, in her last embrace; but God will bless
And shelter thee beneath the shadow of
His own protecting wings. Farewell, my love;
I leave thee to that God. Oh! heavenly Father of
The helpless and afflicted, bless my child,
And teach her how to worship thee; and Christ,
Redeeming Saviour, now receive the spirit which
Thy blood hath sanctified." The drooping head
Fell on the moistened pillow, and the living child
Laid clasped upon the silent bosom of
The tearless mother and the sacred dead.

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AN ADIEU TO AN ADOPTED LAND.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

" Land of my birth,
Land of my heart,
Loved spot of earth,
From thee I'll never part."

La Suisse aux bords du lac.

LAND of my heart—but not land of my birth—
Land of each hope I cherish on this earth ;
And fond affection's impulse must impart
A deep emotion when from thee I part.
O'er the wild waves for me there is no home ;
From thy loved scenes, oh ! why then, must I roam ?
Lonely to wander on, where nought endears,
In each strange land an alien in my tears,
Where there is nought to bid my heart rejoice
When the wind moaneth with a hollow voice—

Where each strange flower wears a look of gloom
Round the pale tinges of its opening bloom—
Where there are none unite in friendship's bond,
Nor sighs of sympathy to mine respond—
Where the young doves my accents will not know,
And all around a sadness will bestow.
Land of my heart—land of my changeless love—
Oh ! why from thee must mournful fate remove
Far from the still and solemn hush that seems
To lull the genii of thy sleeping streams
To soft repose, beneath the dark pines shade,
Where the faint mists of shadowy twilight fade
Into the gloom of night ? Oh ! why, then, far from thee
Must my lone path of drear misfortune be ?
Why am I doomed, where grief alone can thrill,
Where not one eye the mingling tear will fill,
And, when the moon will light the evening skies,
The lonely incense of my prayer will rise
Faintly and sad to heaven. Oh ! none will blend
With me in silent grief ; and who will tend
The balm of pity to an alien heart,
That can but sorrow in return impart,
Nor own the fond the tender love of years
Felt but for thee, companion of my tears—

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For thee, dear friend, who, through the gloom of ill,
Hast e'er upheld me, and been faithful still ?
Hast thou not cheered me with thy tender smile,
And sought each mournful feeling to beguile ?
Hast thou not soothed me with devoted love,
And my heart's wounds to heal, hast thou not strove ?
Hath not the same flower been our mutual care,
And every joy, was it not ours to share ?
Have not our tears been mingled as we wept,
When sorrow's darkness o'er our pleasures slept ?
Are we to part—say, is my fondest hope
To perish, as a cankered rose must droop ?
Yes—it is so, I must, I must depart,
And know the anguish of a lonely heart :
The past hath faded like a broken spell—
Land of my heart—land of my love—farewell.

THE MIDNIGHT MARCH.

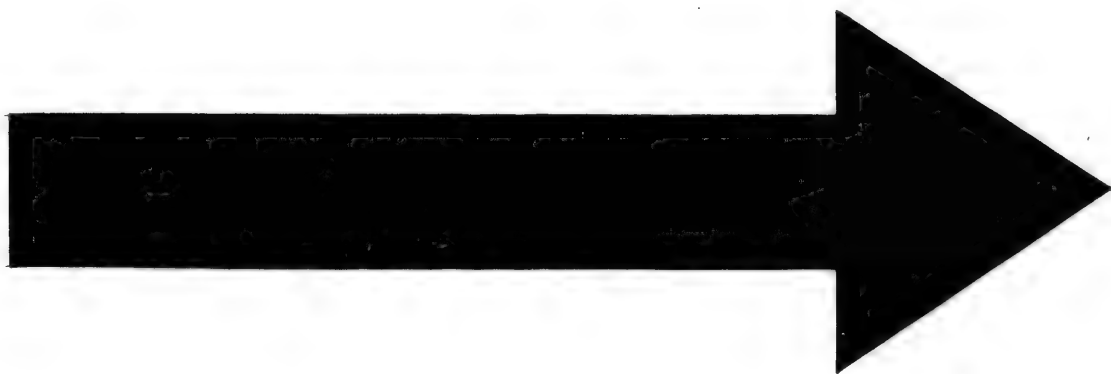
The military force, consisting of detachments of Royal Artillery, and 24th, 32d, and 66th Regiments, and accompanied by a division of Montreal Volunteer Cavalry, under the command of Colonel Gore, left Sorel for St. Denis on the night of November 22d, 1839.

LIST ! the chill blast in howling darkness floats
Amid the warrior's plumes ; the bugle notes
On the shrill tempest's voice are borne away
In broken murmurs with the wild winds sway ;
The ringing sound of clanging steel is heard,
With the loud utterance of the parting word,
"Lead on !—lead on !" and with a hollow sound
Their footsteps echo o'er the frozen ground,
And the red torches through the drifting snow
Reflect dim shadows, like a meteor's glow
Beneath the wandering cloud. Not one pale beam
Of lingering starlight sheds a struggling gleam

On this dark rayless night ; and through the waste
Of ancient wilderness their path is traced ;
And every warrior doth his weapon grasp,
As the close rush of waving branches clasp
The lifted steel, with heavy drops congealed
Of streaming rain ; and clashing arms are pealed
Through the ice-glittering wild. Joyless gloom
Seems fraught with omen of doom ;
But they pass onward in their fearless trust
And dauntless courage, though the transient rust
Of the fierce storm-tears dims the blue, drawn blade ;
Yet may their hastening steps not be delayed.

Why should Britain's sons, with their battle-cry,
Through the lonely woods at midnight pass by ?
To come unobserved on the sleeping foe,
With the mantle of darkness to shield each blow,
And no floating pennon of England spread,
As her war-shroud of glory around her dead ?

But it cannot be. No, their onward might
Is to strike for their God, in their country's right—
For their Island Queen, and each loyal hearth,
And the relic mould of the much prized earth.



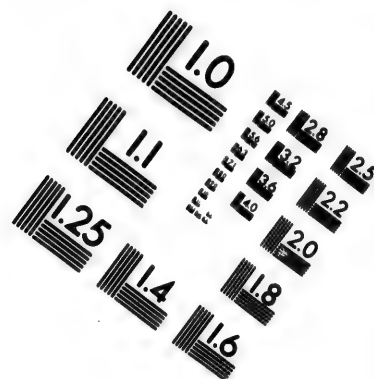
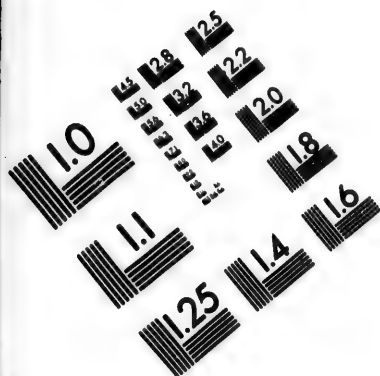
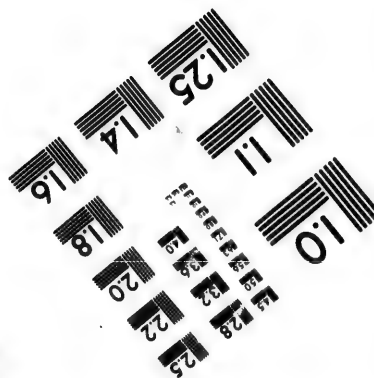
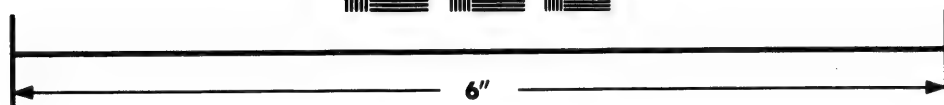
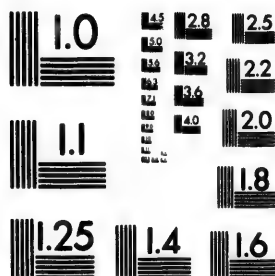


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Where the treasured life fount of Wolfe was spent,
Are the war-trophied legions to combat sent.
Not in secret to bid the unerring dart
Speed its swift-winged flight to the foeman's heart—
Not to stain the bright gleam of their oft dyed steel,
When none but the weak could its pressure feel—
Not in tempest's tumult to strew the dead
'Mid the pale snow rifts, where the feeble bled.
No—to crush the force of the gathered throng
Are they borne in the strength of their cause along.
May the great God of battles be their guide
Through the lone forest depths. The Richelieu tide
Perchance may bear a crimson swelling wave,
But England's warriors fear no *secret* grave.
Though each sword glittering to defend our land,
Should e'er the morn gleam in a foeman's hand—
Though to the scattering winds we soon may spread
Our cherished banner's dust in fragments shred.
Should victory's name be tainted on their breath,
It will not wake the conquered, who in death
Sleep and are free; and though our ice-chilled blood
The sun may view, yet from its wasted flood
Shall glory's triumph rise, for "God and Right"
Resists the conflict of opposing might.

THE YOUNG CAPTIVE'S LAMENT.

OH! why is it that I am thus forbid
To watch the pining stream which glides amid
Those shades of verdant beauty? Why should I
Not trace the path where such sweet violets die
Untrodden and unseen, and that soft breeze,
So lightly waving the acacia tree's
Clustering and fragrant blossoms, and its tone
Through the pine branches echoed? Why alone
Am I deprived of these? Who deeply feel
What swells of living rapture can reveal
The ardent flow of free creative thought,
And varying bright imaginings, which, fraught
With high impassioned fervor, can remain
With the lone captive, whom the binding chain
Hath fettered in his cell. There yet may soar
The wandering mind, and glowing vision pour

Its dreaming influence. As the viewless air
Upon its voiceless breath can slowly bear
Those clouds of floating grandeur—as the stream's
Darkly embowered fount reflects the gleams
Which the arched rainbow's vivid token wears,
Like hope's sweet sunshine looking on the tears
Which sorrow's gloom distils—and as the dew
Falls o'er the night-flowers light deserted hue—
So ideal rapture lingers to entrance
Those pilgrim hours its reverie enchants
With its ethereal loftiness. Combined
With those effusions of the pensive mind,
A tribute to that struggling restlessness
Of sad emotion and strange weariness
Which must the captive haunt. The heavy chain
Hath never bound me; but the breezy plain
Is not for me. The murmur of the ri
Soothed with the music of the wood-bird's thrill,
And when the placid moon hath floated through
The evening mist in silence, to renew
The pale and calm serenity which hath
A softened peace bestowed upon the path
Of the free wanderer's step—is not for me,
Through the stirred foliage of that gloomy tree

Which owns unceasing verdure. No—shut out
From nature's loveliness, with grief and doubt
To shade mine early years ; but led on still
Through the dim chasm with what can fulfil
The deep impressive spiritual gush
Of animated feeling's fervent rush,
Blended with memory's power. Were it not so,
How could we bear the conflict which below
We must endure. Did not the dove-like wing
Of lofty vision linger o'er the spring
Of treasured thought, though none with me may blend
In fond congenial rapture—none may lend
A mingling extacy. That is forbid.
My youth's first dream-like offering veiled amid
Affliction's *morning* shadows ; but its gloom
Hath not the power to blight the hidden bloom
Whose leaves are folded in the spirit's deep,
Silent, untold devotion. And to weep
Is dew, to rear the flower cherished in
The mind's deep sanctuary's peace within:

THE LIGHT BARK.

The dark willow boughs in the streamlet play,
Where the moon is shedding her softest ray,
And the dewy flowers seem to be stirred
By the thrilling plaint of the lone night bird,
For the breeze is hushed o'er the waves' repose,
Which is kissed by the shade of the drooping rose,
And the genii spirits all seem to be
'Mid the tangled woods by the moonlight free;
But a small bark glides o'er its silent breast,
As the light oar awakens its shadowy rest,
And its rippling thrills, in the breezeless night,
The watchful heart to a deep-felt delight.
It hath passed away o'er the silvery stream,
As the fairy-like sounds we hear in a dream,
To some other heart the voice may be dear;
That oar's welcome murmur may bring to her ear.

Oft have I watched o'er this waveless tide
A tiny bark by the moonlight glide ;
But its oar for me hath long ceased to lave
In the placid fount of the summer wave.
It hath past away, and a breathless sleep
And spiritless silence reigns o'er the deep.

THE BRIDE.

"And once again we met; and a fair girl stood near him:
He smiled, and whispered low, as I once used to hear him."

AND is she doomed to be his happy bride,
And must I see her at the altar's side
Standing with him for whom I've cherished life
With love devoted through its wearying strife?
Though she may twine with braided pearls her hair,
Yet my heart's feelings she can never share.
A child of fortune, gems may round her shine,
But oh! her love cannot be such as mine.
Though her long tresses, o'er her harp she flings,
And wakes soft music from its deep-toned strings,
Though o'er her cheek the richly tinted rose
In the full blush of pride and beauty glows.

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From her bright eye the tear-drop may not flow
She is beloved, and reckless of my woe.
It must be so. We pity not the flower
Forsaken by the sun-beam's cheering power
When it is blighted ; so when I depart,
None—none will mourn the loneliness of a heart
Gone to its rest. The fountain flood of tears
Will then have ceased, which hath from early years
Flowed from each bitterness the heart can feel,
But soon the grave the slighted will conceal ;
None there will look on me with chilling pride,
Though we should moulder even side by side,
And mingle in the dust. There cease to weep
The lonely and deserted—there the sleep
Which lulls our sorrow hath no lingering thought
Of vanished hopes with stifled anguish fraught.
Hath not the world upon me ever frowned,
And cold neglect my tenderest feelings wound
To hushed but sickened silence ! And my love
Hath been betrayed and wasted. I have strove
With sadness undefined, and struggled long
With intense woe, Its conflict hath been strong ;
But, oh ! how vain to weep. Cannot the smile
Deepen my faded lip's changed hue, and thus exile

That melancholy look which with its gloom;
 Hath withered with its blight the roses' bloom?
 Why should I shed so many bitter tears
 Until the eye which, bright in early years,
 Is dimmed beneath the shade of that dark fringe,
 Which seems to mourn the pale cheek's care-worn tinge.
 Those unavailing tears shall fall no more,
 And pride shall now its wonted hue restore:
 My smile shall be the earliest and the last—
 No transient shadow shall its ray o'ercast.
 My step shall now be noticed in the dance,
 And laughing joy dwell in my sunny glance.
 The past shall be forgotten in the strength
 Of ceaseless pleasure, which must still at length
 The pining heart's sad musings.—How?—The same
 As the wind fans the low and wasting flame
 To evanescent lustre. So must break
 The grieving heart, which struggles to forsake
 Its treasured hopes, whilst yet they fondly cling,
 With firm impassioned rapture, to the spring
 Of cherished idea; so my lonely fate
 Cannot with smiles its tears obliterate;
 But I will weep in silence and forlorn,
 Not sink again beneath the gaze of scorn,

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Where none will seek the gone-by hours to trace,
Nor mock that grief which nought can e'er efface.
Smile, then, oh ! smile on thy affianced bride—
I cannot wish thy joy with tears allied.
Go, be united. May the rose now bright
Live on her cheek, and may her love requite
All thy affection ; and may no regret,
Like a dim vision, haunt thee—but forget
The one departed. Let my memory's power
Pass like the sweetness of a faded flower ;
And may the blessing at the altar dwell
With hallowed peace around thee. But, farewell :
Earth o'er me must not triumph. From above
Now will my spirit seek undying love,
To sanctify in meek devotion's trust
Those feelings which it lavished on the dust.

THE MOTHER'S CHERISHED ELM.

LET this tall cherished elm,
Which I have trained,
Be with each lingering thought
Of memory veined.

Think of the nurturing care
Each fragile bough
Claimed from mine hand, like thee
In manhood now.

When the young robins build
Its buds among,
Think of the parted strains
In childhood sung.

When the light evening dews
O'er it will fall,
Remember those sad tears
Grief may recal.

When wandering fire-flies glance
Amid the leaves,
Blend them with hope's sweet ray,
Which oft deceives.

ELM.

When the tame pigeons coo
Beneath its shade,
Think of the sisters who
Oft there have played.

When its bright tinged leaves fall
In autumn's gloom,
So must we fade away
Into the tomb.

When its green foliage waves
With spring's first breath,
So must we be renewed
By faith in death.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT WEIR,

Who, in endeavouring to rejoin his regiment, under Colonel Gore, was inhumanly slaughtered by the rebels at St. Denis, November 23, 1837.

"My tears are for the dead, and my voice for the inhabitants of the grave."
Ossian.

My tears are for the dead : my spirit mourns
For one who sleepeth coldly in the tomb—
For a young warrior—for the fallen brave ;
But mine are not the first. The winter's snow
Hath long been wreathed upon his place of rest
Since in devoted woe, his destined bride hath wept
The bitter tears of unavailing grief.
Long hath the chilling blast moaned sadly o'er
His dark abode, since the last hallowed prayer
That leaves its parting blessing on the dust
Hath bid him sleep in earth's cold latest home.

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Long hath the soldier's footstep marked the grave,
And vowed deep vengeance on the ruthless hand
That laid him there. But these are not the last.
Where is the mother, who had trained his steps,
And taught the early prayer? Oh! where are all
His childhood's first affections? They are yet
To learn his doom; and what a fearful one!
Where fell the warrior? On the battle field,
Where victory soothed the agony of death?
No—no—it was not there: his blood alone
Gushed on the rebel hand, and stained
The un pitying dust. None but the rebel ear
Heard the last utterance of his failing voice,
When it was raised for mercy from his God;
For none around would grant it. He was there—
Alone and fettered;—and the plunging steel
Drank of the fountain of his bosom's blood;
But the shrill clarion's murmur pealed not forth
To hush the dying moan—the banner streamed not o'er
The lonely spot, when death's faint twilight dimmed
The closing eye; and the chill night-dew fell
Like pure but hidden tears in solitary woe;
But now he sleepeth in an honored tomb,
Where his own warriors laid him; and they wept

For him—the young—the loved—the martyred brave ;
And the clear bugle's deep and saddest tone
Breathed o'er him then ; and England's standard waved
In mournful foldings o'er her fallen son.
Then sleep thee, Weir. If ardor ever thrilled
The generous heart to courage and to death,
Thy fate hath roused it from thy gallant band,
Where each would rush beneath the shining steel
And all devouring flame, to wreak dread vengeance on
The coward ruffians who have wrought thy doom.
Sleep thee, Weir—sleep thee. Let thy spirit rest ;
For hadst thou fallen on the gory plain,
Thy fate would not have been recorded, as it is,
Upon the living page of memory and of fame
Engraven deathlessly. Oh ! martyred Weir,
Never, oh ! never can thy name be breathed
By Briton's lip without his heart recalls,
With still enthusiastic sorrow, all
The sufferings thou didst so unaided meet,
Defenceless victim of unmingled hate—
Never, oh ! never while the gloomy woods
Of Canada's dark forest land will wave
Their heavy boughs to the lamenting winds—
Never, oh ! never while her rivers flow

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In silent tribute, and their peaceful tide
Bears the proud shadow of Britannia's flag
In victory blazing, and in mercy blessed—
Never, oh ! never, then, while England's might
Floateth untarnished o'er the ocean's breast,
And still triumphant o'er the conquered land—
Never, oh ! never while her sons are free,
(And *they* can never yield to slavery's galling chain,
Or stern oppression's law,) will that deed be forgot.
Thy name will mingle ever with the breath
Of England's deathless fame. High on the laurelled page
Of her mourned heroes, Weir, thou hast thy place.

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

The custom of decorating churches with evergreens is of very ancient date. On this subject an English writer observes, "The evergreens with which churches are usually ornamented at Christmas are a proper emblem of that time, when, as God says to the prophet Isaiah, 'I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, and the myrtle, and the olive tree: I will set them in the desert—the fir tree, and pine tree, and the box tree together.' And in another place—'the glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee: the fir tree, and pine tree, and box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious.'"

DECK the glad church and wreathe the aisles with flowers,
And twine the myrtle with its snowy showers,
Around the altar, with the dark pine bough,
So that the sanctuary of the Lord may now
Rejoice and blossom as the rose, to make
The place of His feet glorious—whence awake
The joyful sounds of grateful love from earth,
To hail the triumph of the Saviour's birth—
Where blends the foliage of the evergreen,
An emblem token of whereon we lean

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Our lasting hope, in worship offered to
The Great Supreme, who hath bestowed the hue
Of glowing beauty on each unsought rose,
Whose leaves have faded in the still repose
Of Sharon's valley, or on Judah's mount
Or o'er the rippling of the tranquil fount
Of Siloam's stream, or in the desert where
He makes the lilies of the field His care,
Who toil and spin not—where the fertile sod
Yields its fair tribute to Almighty God,
'Mid the lone forest and the desolate
Untrodden solitudes—where groves of date
And lofty palm-trees bend, to beautify
The wilderness of nature's sanctuary—
Where budding olives, with the box and fir,
The cedars of Lebanon and the myrrh,
Wave their sweet aromatic foliage, and
With morning's breath the tamarind leaves expand,
In the soft freshness of the early rain,
When the vines languish, and the tender grain
Thirsts for its moisture, even as we pine
For living waters from the source divine
Of everlasting joy. But now adorn
The altar of our God, for that blessed morn

Which brought us peace, when Bethlem's bright star set
Low in the orient sky. Its radiance yet
With beams of rising lustre guides our way
Through life's dim wanderings, when salvation's ray
Breaks through the mist of sin. Now twine long wreaths
Of pine and olive, while devotion breathes
Its heavenly incense. Cedar boughs and fir,
With the loud anthem's pealing swell to stir
The shadowy foliage, so to make the place
Of our Lord glorious, as His word we trace
On each unfolded leaf, which from the path
Of the lone wilderness we bear. He hath
Claimed it as His own tribute. Ours must be
The broken spirit's offering, and the knee
Bowed unto Jesus. And the contrite heart
Its deeply sorrowing sacrifice impart.

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LINES TO A BROTHER,

ON HIS DEPARTURE.

Now, may God bless thee on thine anxious way,
And light thy footsteps with religion's ray.
Look, look to Him, in loneliness and grief,
And heavenly solace will be thy relief.
Thou hast thine earthly parents' wish to guide
Thee on thy path, though desolately wide ;
And God will bless thee. Thy obedience will
Ascend to heaven, and heavenly dew distil.
I know this moment bids thee breathe farewell
To all that binds thee with affection's spell.
But thy return. Oh ! then the gladdening smile
Will the sad parting of the past beguile :
Each meeting hand will thrill with eager touch,
With the fond welcome breathed in tones as such
But greet the wanderer's ear ; and home, seem still
Far, far more dear enjoyment to fulfil.

Go, then, my brother. On thine early youth
Fate yet hath smiled, and fair religion's truth
Is still for thee—sure beacon, when the storm
Of worldly conflict may thy peace deform.
Go, then, my brother, go. Thy work fulfil—
Mine oft breathed prayer that God will bless thee still.
Far from thy childhood's home thy path will be,
But in thy loneliness God is with thee.

e still.

TO THE SOREL VOLUNTEERS,

ON THEIR RECEIVING THEIR ARMS.

ENGLAND's bright blade hath ever yet been grasped
By the brave and the free,
Whose onset shout peals o'er the battle's din
For death or victory.

England's proud pennon ever yet hath waved
O'er her sons' conquering might,
Who feel, beneath its star-like guidance borne,
Sure victors of the fight.

And England's vow is yet untainted heard
On each wind's passing breath,
In firm allegiance to her monarch Queen,
To battle and to death.

And you who now that blade untarnished clasp,
For England's spotless fame,
And thus beneath her sacred banner's shade,
A place of glory claim,

Be it unsullied mid o'erwhelming force,
Nor yet resigned the trust,
Till on the well defended sod it lays
In mingling blood to rust.

With life remember that the weapon strikes
For God in freedom's right,
For Him whose all directing arm leads forth
The victor in his might.

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THE ALIEN'S FIRST LOVE.

AND am I loved?—I, who have been so long
A child of deep and sorrowing regret,
Reared in affliction—one on whom the world
So long hath frowned with heartless, cold contempt—
A lone, neglected one, who, like the dove,
Hath found no resting place. The olive leaf
Hath not been mine; but the unpitied tear,
Which falls unmarked, unmingled, and unknown,
Shed in the bitterness of hopeless grief
And friendless desolation, hath been mine—
Yes, ever mine, from the unconscious hours
Of helpless infancy; for I have been
An early mourner—one deserted by
The kindred tie—the kindred link of all.
Why am I loved? It is not that the smile
Of beauty dwells upon my drooping brow,
Nor that the lavish hand of fortune decks

With a glittering gem my dark plain braided hair,
Not that the glow of noble pride can rush
Upon my cheek. There have been none to claim,
Or shelter from the storms of dreary fate,
The alien and the stranger—the adopted child—
The lone and parentless. Now hath she found
Affection's strength to soothe and cherish her ;
The softening hand of pity hath awoke
From the deep fountain of the high wrought soul
The purest feelings which have nurtured love
For that lone being. Is it not *too fair*
To linger so on *me* ? May it not prove
The rainbow's bright but evanescent tint,
Glittering in tears vanish ? No—oh ! no—
The sun-beam now may pierce the heavy cloud
That long hath shadowed me in doubt and gloom,
And may disperse the sorrows of the past.
Thou, from whose love those sweet hopes emanate,
Mingled with glowing visions o'er the future, dreamed
And blended with that tribute, which hath sought
So long for aught to cherish, in the void of lone
Unbroken solitude—say dare I trust
Such visions as they pass ? Can I believe
I am beloved by thee ?—thou who hast bid

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Each grateful feeling's earliest incense rise,
With tenderness united. Thou hast claimed
Its first pure offering undivided ;

And until its light

Is darkened with the shadow of the grave,
It will be thine alone. I well know how to prize
The treasures of affection ; and thy smile
Will teach me to forget the bitter tears
The morn of life hath yielded ; and thy voice
Will hush the memory of each vanished grief ;
And deeply will my heart fulfil the vow
My lip will soon pronounce, through joy and grief to be
Thy solace and support. And may my fate
Not cast on thee its sadness ; but may I
Emerge from sorrow, when, in plighted faith,
I kneel thy happy bride. But shouldst thou ever mourn,
Should'st thou with conflict struggle, thou wilt know
The long enduring strength of love which hath
Been chastened by affliction, and refined in tears.
Such love can bear neglect, reproach, and want,
And the cold world's desertion. Pictured woe
May be so imaged ; but my changeless heart
Hath only been—and only will be—thine.

THE ACCEPTED ONE.

Composed whilst watching the corpse of an infant, who departed this life almost immediately after receiving baptism, aged seven weeks.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Mark xiii. 15.*

WEEPEST thou, mother, o'er thy cherub boy—
O'er thy young treasure, called from pain to joy ?
What a sweet calm those lovely features wear,
Sinless and pure. The Saviour's promise there :
His is the offering of which such must be
The accepted one's of heaven's eternity.
The palid form is laid in silence now,
With the baptismal dew yet on his brow.
But the freed spirit from that earthly shrine
Is sanctified—a cluster on the vine
Of God's redeeming love, and, with his grace,
Won unto Christ—in Christ's own name its place.

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Weep not, fond mother. Thou wouldst not recal
Thine infant angel to the binding thrall
Of earth's captivity. The chain is broke
Early Salvation's tender mercy spoke,
And he is with the Saviour, who hath said
That such should come to Him. His hand was laid
On the young children : His blessed words were sure.
And what, is life, but suffering, to endure
The world's temptations, sin, and death at last,
When youth's fair dreams and lingering hopes are past,
And earth's affections bind us ? But with him
There was not aught his holy joy to dim.
Regret him not. The Rose of Sharon hath
Removed one bud from thy yet flowery path,
Gathering thy loved one to His chosen sheaf
In paradise to blossom. Is then grief
For such as him ? The ice-cold frame is thine,
But God hath said, " That rescued soul is mine."

THE MARKHAM BROOMSTICK,

A TALE OF ST. DENIS.

“THE bugles sound. Away! away!
The ranks in order close:
No ammunition have we left
To warm our reconnoitring foes,
But here lays Captain Markham.

“And our brave leader we will not
For our own lives forsake.
The patriots will not rush in here
Whilst with our bayonets drawn we make
A guard for Captain Markham.

“But at the window, lo! there is
A peeping officer.
Watch—watch, his cap with nodding plume,
And, see, he cannot, dares not, stir.
Can it be Captain Markham?”

"Vites ! vites ! avancez ! tirez vites !

Tué donc cet officier."

And swiftly pelting bullets through

That glittering fated cap made way ;

But harmed not Captain Markham.

And then the quick escape was made,

Before they could re-load,

And Markham, on the serjeant's back,

Was borne across the road.

No danger then for Markham.

And with a shattered hand did he,

That trusty soldier, save

His much loved Captain ; and his coat

Received the bullet of each knave

Who would have aimed at Markham.

But still the cap and plume remained

In its conspicuous place—

The open window—and it stood

With long abiding tireless grace,

Though gone was Captain Markham.

"Mais c'est le diable—cet officier :
We cannot bring him down,
But come, we will rush in, and see
If bullet-proof remains the crown
Of this said Captain Markham."

The broomstick stood supported there,
With its defying cap,
And then they did perceive the trick
Was all their bullets to entrap,
Whilst off with Captain Markham.

It were a strange, rare sight to see
A British officer
Make such a target of his head
As not mid showers of ball to stir.
It was not much like Markham.

But here's long life to all of those
Who played the clever trick
Who with such smart ingenious thought,
Could represent with cap and stick
The valiant Captain Markham.

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THE FADING ROSE.

SAY, why should the rose from thy cheek depart ?

Or why should its clear tint fail ?

No, leave it to those whom a grieving heart

May bid the once bright cheek be pale ;

But why should thine lessen its blooming tinge,

E'er sorrow its canker hath flung ?

Thy cheek is but kissed by thine eyelids' fringe,

Where rarely a tear-drop hath hung.

No, keep the young rose of thy joy and thy health,

And long play the smile round thy lip.

Mayest thou never of blighting affliction partake,

Nor e'er of its bitterness sip.

And keep thy sad tears for those chill future hours,

When thy life will have past its spring.

Knowest thou that the dew but *dims autumn* flowers

When it weeps for their withering ?

THE SOLITARY WOOD PIGEON.

Written on seeing a wood pigeon, very late in the autumn, take refuge in the belfry of a decayed church.

ART thou a lone and plaintive dweller here,
Beneath this sacred gloom,
Where each sound echoes from the dark and still
And lowly vaulted tomb?
Long have the autumn wanderers gone from hence
To where the green leaves wave,
And thou art left deserted and forlorn,
Companion of the grave.
Poor widowed bird, thou art indeed among
The desolate of earth—
A lonely mourner in this hallowed wreck
Of past decaying worth.

The low-toned bell's sweet music oft hath stirred
The trembling poplar trees.
Nought save the fluttering of thine own light wings
Now answers to the breeze.

The deepened voice of hallowed prayer hath waved
The elder's snowy bloom ;
But now no breath of sacred worship wakes
The silence of the tomb.

Here hath that parting blessing been bestowed,
Which lasting rest must sway—
That heaven entrusted peace the world gives not,
And cannot take away.

But here none kneel in meek devotion now,
Beneath this mouldering shrine.

Around the altar's place the clinging wreaths
Of wild clematis twine.

The dark-veined leaves a saddened murmur breathe—
A deeply mournful tone—

A low and plaintive melancholy sound—
A spirit grieving moan.

Thy rest, lone bird, hath never been among
Such relics of decay,
Where o'er the dead the crumbling tombstones fall,
Beneath the night-wind's sway.

Thou wilt thy long and dreary vigils keep,
Until the spring's warm breath
Shall stir thy muffled plumes, and bear thee from
This monument of death.
But unto thee there speaks no hallowed voice
Within thy chill abode,
Though the tall sepulchral nurtured trees
Rise from ancestral sod;
For thou couldst rest in peace, thy bosom, where
Their sacred dust is spread.
No haunting memory should thy pinions trail
The ashes of the dead.

Fold thy light wings. This sanctuary, in
Its perishing decay,
Mournfully tells how fondly cherished things
From earth must pass away.
Dust with its dust to moulder is the wreck
Affection's tears behold,
Where drooping flowers and long funereal grass
Sweep o'er the sainted mould;
And mystic murmurings from the unsought grave
Sigh through the shadowy gloom,
But *not their spirits voices*, for their rest
Is not *within* the tomb.

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BLANCHE OF NAVARRE.

A TALE ILLUSTRATING THE PASSION OF LOVE.

This tale is rendered into verse from a prose composition, bearing the same title, by G. P. B. James. Some slight digressions from the original have been made, which it is hoped do not detract from its interest.

THERE was a strange glittering pageant in the gay
Bright streets of Pampeluna ; and the ray
Of quivering brilliance from illumined spires
Gleamed in the distance, like far beacon fires ;
And o'er calm Arga's gentle rippling shone
The blaze of lighted piles, and mirth, unknown
Until that hour, was celebrated in
The festooned courts and splendid halls, within
The towers of Pampeluna. Every heart
Seemed with its outward strength of grief to part ;
The freighted air with acclamations rung,
And waving pennons to the breeze were flung

In floating draperies. Music along
The crowd was borne, and melody of song
Gushed in free minstrelsy. Soft voices breathed
Tones of unwonted gladness. And the wreathed
High marble porticoes wore choicest flowers
Of earliest beauty, twined amid the showers
Of sparkling lamps whose rich and varied hues
Of dazzling radiance, scattered to diffuse
Enchantment's magic dream ; and, to illumine
The gathering darkness of the night's chill gloom,
Swift circling stars of reddening lustre gleamed,
Flinging their fiery glowing trains, which streamed
Grandly majestic o'er the solemn wood,
And meteor-like o'er waving depths, where stood
The rich pomegranate lofty groves below
The green acclivity, on whose high brow
The towering city rose. Was it the reign
Of welcomed peace those revels brought again ?
Peace had been theirs. Was it the voice of war,
Which in rejoicing woke to arms Navarre ?
It was their monarch, who led forth his bride,
Valois' fair princess, who, with power allied,
Had yielded to his suit. And eagerly,
In breathless silence, gazed each watchful eye

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For Isabel's approach. The marble floor
 Gave not her footstep sound. The corridor
 Of glittering light she passed. And she was fair,
 And exquisitely beautiful ; but there
 Sat a proud, conscious look upon her brow,
 Which, for the timid bride, who came to bow
 Low at the altar, seemed not like the glance
 Which should be there, to leave her native France,
 And seek a far strange home. Her restless eye
 Shone with the haughty eagle light of high
 And valiant race. The arching lip defined
 The firmly dignified, unbending mind.
 Yes, Isabel is lovely—she is all
 To grace the splendor of the monarch's hall.
 But look on Blanche, our own sweet princess, and
 Mark the endearing feelings which expand
 In early promise ; and her bloom of youth
 Beams with the gentleness and peace of truth.
 With what an earnest smile she hastes to meet
 Her future sister. Her low welcomes greet
 The stranger's ear ; and the affianced bride
 Blanche did sincerely view, yet seemed defied
 By Isabel's repulse. Where was the soft
 Enduring look of tenderness, which oft

She deemed her brother claimed? That wandering gaze
Was lifted to the crowd, or on the rays
Of dazzling ornaments, which might enthrall
Some lonely passing thought. The coronal
Was placed upon her forehead. Should this hour
Of feeling so intense, betray the power
Its thrilled emotion yields—that moment when
The plighted vow is breathed—unspoken then
Its solemn extacy? When tintless flowers,
In the pale clusters of their snowy showers,
As emblems droop around the kneeling bride—
When earthly love by God is sanctified?
With such impressions, sorrowfully vain
The bright gems' richest splendor. In the train
Of Isabel of Valois, at her side,
A prince-like noble stood. The glow of pride
Flushed his high brow; and perfect beauty seemed
With manhood's grace united; and there beamed
From his dark eye, a fixed expressive gaze
And triumph glittered in its liquid rays.
He bore the warrior's crest; but with his name—
Francis of Foix—a deadly paleness came
O'er Blanche's cheek: her full lip lost its smile,
As she felt his very look defile

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The purity of hers. Oft had he sought,
 With light unmeaning vows, to win, and wrought
 That agony of grief in woman's heart,
 With strengthened anguish lingering to depart
 From its last rest of hope; which bears the might
 Of crushed affection in its withering blight.

Francis of Foix beside the festive board
 Was gaily seated; the rich wine-cup poured
 Its sparkling foam; and with a mirthful smile,
 Some of Navarre's young nobles to beguile
 The banquet's revel, rose, with "Now, brave Count,
 We pledge love's conquest in the rosy fount
 Of generous wine."—"Most willingly will I—
 Blanche of Navarre—for never hath mine eye
 Rested on look like hers." With flushing brows
 His proud companions gazed: it seemed to rouse
 Each fervent energy, to hear her name
 So lightly breathed by lips which could defame
 One so much prized. And then De Leyda rose—
 "Learn, valiant son of France, as I repose
 Faith in uninjured honor, words so spoke
 Shall be recalled, or the avenging stroke
 Mine arm shall give. Blanche of Navarre must be
 By every lip pronounced with purity.

Didst thou but know how her high mind is fraught
With virtue's fairest treasures—how each thought
In that unsullied sanctuary must
Reclaim the erring, and inspire the trust
Which leaneth not on earth ; for is there grief,
Blanche of Navarre administers relief ;
Is there affliction—doth injustice reign,
The oppressed to her can never plead in vain ;
Is vice concealed beneath the bright array
Of pomp and power, Blanche shrinketh from it ray.
Though in the pestilence she stood beside
The moaning sufferer, and unceasing tried
To lull each fear, instilling hope's sweet calm
Into the wounded spirit, with the balm
Of her low uttered prayer, which slowly breathed
Over the closing lid. Oft hath she wreathed
The censer's fragrance, when the faltering plaint
Was hushed to bless her. And yet wouldst thou taint
A being such as this ?" The count's eye gleamed
With anger's flashing fervor as it beamed
The sway of bursting feelings. " Yet, I say
Blanche of Navarre is woman, and she may
Be conquered and betrayed. Though beauty I
Have ne'er beheld like hers—such dignity
And graceful softness blended—that fair cheek

With palest rosebloom tinged, and eyes that speak
 With full confiding radiance. Not alone
 For this should I a triumph o'er her own ;
 But it is for that purity within
 That I would strive such taintless love to win,
 And she will yield. Mine shall the tribute be.
 Yes, she shall fall, or she shall conquer me.

The sun had shone the gothic casements through
 Of the dark ancient palace. Crimson hue
 Streamed on the mighty mountain's distant sweep
 Whose snowy heights were imaged in the deep
 Clear fount of Pampeluna, and the bend
 Of the sweet Arga's circle seemed to blend
 With the green shadows of the citron leaves,
 Where golden fruitage hung. The low wind grieves
 Amid that glossy foliage with a tone
 Of plaintive listlessness ; but not alone
 That breezy morn it sighed ; for lance and sword
 In gleaming fragments lay, and bright streams poured
 Upon the dewy grass, and stained the fair
 And bent down flowers, that crushed were withering there
 Amid the tender moss. The glittering crest
 Trailed its dark plume ; and o'er the warrior's breast

Bowed many forms. Beside Tafalla's gate,
Francis of Foix the mandate seemed to wait
Of death's chill triumph. But the spirit woke
From its deep transient sleep, and faintly spoke
Words of returning strength. DeLeyda's lance,
Laid in its rest, had borne the son of France
Down to the earth. The severed helmets, cleft,
Upon the field the conflict's trophy left ;
For both renown had won ; and in the strife
Would but have yielded with departing life ;
And their tried steel was shivered where they lay
As senseless as the crimson moistened clay
Their forms then pressed. The Count of Foix was borne
Unto the palace. And who may not mourn
O'er manhood's vanquished power, when health contends
With baffling pain, and wonted vigor lends
Its energetic ardor, fraught with fame,
To struggle with the weak and wounded frame.
Those who in battle dangers welcome, there
Upon the languid couch, repining bear
Its silent listlessness. Oh ! then, not vain
Is woman's chastened meekness, to remain
Beside the sufferer. And fair Isabel,
With her alluring smiles, sought to dispel

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The fever-haunting phantoms as they rose
 To dim the visions of retired repose.
 But from its sunny glance his anguish turned
 Unto another's face, and restless yearned
 For that sweet patient look where pity dwelt
 In its soft stillness, when beside him knelt
 Blanche of Navarre. As her light passing hand
 His burning brow assiduously fanned,
 Oft would his closing eye recal its gaze
 On her unwearied vigil. She would raise
 His damp and raven curls with gentle care,
 When the bright flush had vanished, and, with prayer
 And low accented orisons, would she
 Seek, when from wild delirious raving free,
 To lead him to the blessed and duly prized,
 And hallowed impulse, when the agonized
 Turn from this earth to treasures not attained
 Whilst blooming health with transient joy remained :
 But on the couch of sickness then we turn
 To everlasting life, and deeply yearn
 For what hath been so long with cold neglect
 Forgotten and despised—what we reject
 Whilst pleasure's frail delusions lull us, till,
 At the bless'd bidding of God's holy will.

The tender plant grows up before us, and,
In hidden mystery, its leaves expand
In sorrow or affliction, till the ray
Of Faith arises, and the Truth—the Way—
The Shepherd of the fold—the Light and Life—
Hath power above this dim world's wearying strife.

The radiant Queen, the lovely Isabel,
By Francis oft had watched, until the spell
Which beauty shed was gone. The languid shade
Of wasted symmetry no more delayed
Her pleasure-seeking step. The painful sigh
And pensive gleaming of the hollow eye,
She lingered not to trace ; it ceased to speak
The language of the past ; and his wan cheek
Was worn with suffering. But with Blanche the tie
Was firmly wove of buried sympathy.
Had she not soothed him with devoted care,
And untired vigil, and unwearied prayer ?
When her sweet evening blessing gently bid
Slumber's hushed silence close his wearied lid,
Yet would her voice, to each awakening sigh,
Through the dim stillness of the night, reply.
Had she not lulled each raving, and refined,
With lofty visions, his new dawning mind ?

Is this not *woman's* part? and more, is not
 Her love augmented, when affliction's lot
 Or suffering claims it. Undivided there
 It seems a still more sacred tie to share
 Man's anguish and his sorrow—this the bond
 Of *woman's* love, all varying change beyond.
 But health's return again caused Blanche to throw
 The veil of frigid coldness o'er the glow
 Of her heart's lavished feeling. Nought betrayed
 The secret fount where such emotion laid
 Its hidden source; and eagerly, in vain,
 Did Isabel of Valois seek to gain
 Aught to confirm that doubt, which had untold
 So long been mantled in suspicion's fold—
 That Francis loved her ~~not~~—that Blanche had won
 Virtue's fair triumph; for he now would shun
 That proud and lovely Queen's bright glance, which oft,
 From sparkling passion faded to the soft
 Still langour of subdued expression, sought,
 With restless gaze, to shade each passing thought
 It eloquently beamed. What stedfast claim
 Hath that affection which survives the fame
 Of injured honor, or the faith which hath
 Been to another plighted. In that path

There lies unmingled poison, to destroy
What erring guilt adorns with withering joy.

The setting sun gleamed o'er the distant main,
And tinged the lime groves of luxuriant Spain ;
Tall citron forests, and where orange flowers
And almond trees, bent with the fountain's showers,
The pining murmur of the listless sigh
Of shadowy eve, fresh odors wafted by.
In the wide hall, dejected and alone,
Blanche heard the echo of its whispering tone
Wake a low music from her harp's sweet strings ;
And at that hour, remembrance fondly clings
To memory's visions ; and her tears among
The breeze-swept chords in glittering silence hung,
As the peru's closed blossom's dew hath been
By sunny light, 'mid folded leaves unseen.
But she wept not unmarked in that sad mood,
For, veiled in twilight's gloom, beside her stood
Francis of Foix. The narrow casements threw,
In silvery faintness, the young moon's pale hue
On those dark imaged walls. The long hushed sigh
Burst from his compressed lips so audibly
That Blanche raised her bent head. The eloquence
Of other hours stilled with the influence

Of agitated conflict ; and he felt
 That purity had triumphed, as he knelt
 In mute anxiety. How lovely is the might
 Of woman's power, when the radiant light
 Of virtue claims its tribute, to subdue
 Those passionate appealings, which renew
 The light unhesitating vows which coldly break
 The wasted heart they win but to forsake.
 " Oh ! Blanche, I seek the stillness of this hour,
 To utter thoughts which language overpower
 With their intensity." " And what wouldst thou,
 Francis of Foix, with Navarre's Princess, now
 So earnestly request ?" " That thou shouldst know
 The change which thou hast wrought, and thus bestow
 Thy future confidence. Think not that I
 Speak with emotions such as hours gone by
 Devoted to affection." " If denied
 My love should be, and with temptation tried,
 Wouldst thou not weakly falter ?" " No, Blanche—no ;
 Virtue hath triumphed o'er the transient glow
 Of frailty's delusions. Should it never be
 My fate to win thee, yet thy memory
 Will flowers unfold in its unshaded light,
 Which may not droop with falsehood's withering blight.

Oh ! Blanche wilt thou not bid me prove that I
Am thus so changed ? Yes, daughter of a high
And warrior line of princes, thou hast gained
A greater victory than e'er arms obtained,
For thou hast conquered vice. Once did I say
That I o'er thee would hold my wonted sway,
Or that thy strength should triumph ; and thou hast
My vanquished pride a captive led at last ;
And if by truth I cannot win thee, still
I firmly will the promised change fulfil.
Should I behold thee one more favored bless,
Yet thy remembrance error will repress.
Should cold indifference place its icy bar
For ever in thy bosom, Princess of Navarre,
Still thou hast conquered—still thou hast subdued
Long pampered follies—still thou hast renewed
The early light, false pleasure darkened, and
Bid those sweet sympathies once more expand
Which long have languished ; and until the grave
Shall cast its damp earth o'er my breast, and wave
Its long funereal grass with dirge-like sigh,
In mournful requiem, as the wind floats by,
Till then I will be thine." Her firm reply
Blanche slowly uttered ; and her liquid eye

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Rested upon his own. His lofty brow
 Bore the fair stamp of truth " Suffice it now,
 My heart hath treasured yet no favored one,
 And may be yielded ; but it must be won
 By upright honor and pure virtue, when
 I can believe the change. And think not then
 The past will dwell upon my memory.
 No : he who conquers vice must ever be
 More worthy than if he had never erred,
 And the bright contrast of the change preferred :"
 " Enough—enough, then, dearest Blanche I know
 That calmly as thy low-toned accents flow,
 That they imply a promise, and a boon
 Of hope and of encouragement ; and soon
 Will I the token claim." Blanche spoke not ; and
 The tremor of her unresisting hand
 Clasped fervently in his—allowed the tie
 Of yet repressed, but tender sympathy.
 Amid the dimness of that hall's wide gloom
 Stood Isabel, with feelings to consume
 With torturing passion, as she glided by.
 Rejected love and wounded vanity
 Urged their resistless struggle to complete
 Her fixed design—that in some lone retreat

Blanche should for ever linger, and no more
Behold the one she held such influence o'er,
Whose every thought seemed now to idolize
That virtue Blanche had taught him how to prize.
From the sweet confidence of early years
And tender childhood, Blanche had poured her tears
Into her brother's bosom ; for the tie
Maternal fondness forms in infancy,
Had by the grave been severed ; and her sire,
When he beheld his faithful queen expire,
On earth had rested not. Thus had the bloom
Of ripening youth been mantled in the gloom
Of orphan grief ; and she expanded to
Her only brother's eye, which ever through
Affliction's mist had smiled. But Isabel
Now chained his thoughts with falsehood's erring spell ;
And led him to believe that Blanche was now
An altered being ; and his darkened brow
With lowering frowns dwelt on the sister who
He from the utterance of expression knew,
And through the close retirement of her youth,
To be all purity and taintless truth.
But those reflections vanished ; and the keep,
Beyond Navarre's tall mountains distant sweep,

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Was destined, with its guarded heights to be
 Where Blanche should languish in captivity.
 Its strong embattled towers small casements through
 Their veil of ivy dimly gave the hue
 And shadowy rays of evening's parting light,
 As Blanche looked o'er the forests, where the night
 Slept in its mantled darkness ; and the rush
 Of sad and gloomy thoughts arose, to crush
 Hope's faintly nurtured blossoms, as she dwelt
 On past remembrances, then meekly knelt
 Unto her Heavenly Father to defend
 Her with His care ; for now her only friend—
 Her brother—that dear guardian of her youth
 Thought not his Queen could deviate from truth.
 Where would her vengeance cease ? might she not seek,
 On Foix's brave Count her triumph now to wreak ?
 Might not the poisoned cup or hidden blade
 Be in the darkness of his pathway laid ?
 But hastening footsteps o'er the echoing floor
 Aroused her musing ; and the vaulted door
 Swung back on its dim hinges, and its shade
 Illumined by the quivering lamp, pourtrayed
 Francis of Foix. “Blanche, my beloved, wilt thou
 Confide thyself to my protection now,

And fly from hence ? The castle's aged chief
I have deceived. An instant this of brief
And firm decision ; for he doth not know
Yet, whence I came ; but in the court below
Armed horsemen enter. Haste, my love, then, haste :
No moment this in anxious fears to waste."
Blanche on him gazed ; then hesitated not,
For, in the loneliness of her captive lot,
He seemed the solitary palm-tree 'mid
Surrounding desolation. He then hid
Her slight form in a pilgrim's mantle ; then
They hurried to the guarded entry. When
The watchword had been answered, they emerged
Into the shaded pathway, whence converged
The mountain passes, fringed with chestnut trees.
The frowning masses of the Pyrenees
Rose in the moonlight's silence, as its ray
Gleamed on the bright drops of the fountain's spray
Which dashed beside their steps, when, lo ! a shrill
Wild clarion's blast the forests seemed to thrill.
They gained the crag's descent. Beneath the steep
And towering precipice, o'er which the keep
In ancient grandeur looked. Each battlement
Resounded with the echo which was sent,

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In deepening hoarseness, o'er the wide domain
 And each far murmur caught the pealing strain.
 Blanche clung to that strong arm which round her twined
 Its first and fond support ; but how combined
 With intense anguish, for exulting came
 The glittering horsemen. Mingled with the name,
 "Blanche of Navarre," each urging word was given ;
 But their light steeds awaited where the riven
 Descending pathway ceased. "Fear not," he cried,
 "But haste, beloved one, on ; and in the pride
 Of rescuing thee, I lay my lance in rest,
 And bare the armor of my shining crest ;
 And with thy dear name for my battle cry,
 I strike for conquest. France hath warriors nigh."
 He turned to meet the foe. His stand he chose
 Where marble heights majestically rose
 And waterfalls impetuously reft
 Their margined chasms through the tall rocks cleft.
 And, in the shelter of the mountains's shade,
 Francis of Foix his gleaming lance displayed,
 Beside the deep stream's torrent, to impede
 Each effort to surround him ; and his steed
 Well knew the battle crash. So there, sustained
 By his brave followers, nobly he maintained

Long and unequal combat. He had slain
The war-worn leader of the ranks of Spain,
Amid the conflict's fury, and the wave
Had borne him to its dim and starless grave,
When loudly rang the near and startling cry
Of Gallia's troops advancing, and the high
Cliffs woke to music. Then the Spaniards fled,
And ebbing streams of darkly crimsoned red
Were left to tinge the bubbling cataract's foam,
Whose ceaseless dirge moaned o'er that last long home.
Now the young victor with impatience turned
To seek for Blanche, and in mute anguish learned
She had her flight continued ; but delayed,
To send his warriors to their leader's aid.
He onward urged his steed ; but not one trace
Could he obtain ; and with increasing pace
The morning light inspired him, though a storm
Seemed in the west with rushing haste to form ;
But still he hurried on. The thunder rolled
Its booming sound, and heavy hail clouds told
The utter fury of the tempest's sway ;
But nought had power his progress to delay,
Until he viewed the mantle Blanche had worn,
On the earth's bosom laid. With ardor borne,

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He followed then that token, and was led
 With varying hope, until her palfrey, dead,
 Laid in his path ; and on his eager view
 A low and peaceful village humbly through
 The tall pomegranates smiled. Perchance she there
 Had sought a refuge, to await his care.
 No—she was gone ; and disappointment claimed
 Each glowing vision he had fondly framed.

Time had passed on ; and in the galling chain
 Of lone captivity doomed to remain
 Francis of Foix, amid the rayless gloom
 Of his damp cell, where terror might assume
 Its dreariest sway. Not that one anxious fear
 Dwelt in his wandering thoughts : he stood too near
 The crown of France. It was for Blanche alone.
 Might not revenge, uncertain and unknown,
 Have had its secret triumph ? But a light
 Gleamed on that long uninterrupted night,
 Glittering beneath that low and vaulted door,
 Which cautiously was opened, and before
 Him stood Navarre's proud Queen. " Learn that to die
 Thou art condemned ! But grant me one reply,
 And thou shalt live, with liberty restored,

And regal favors richly on thee poured."
" Speak, then, the ransom. I will not reject
Thine offer, if nought sullied can reflect
On my untainted honor. Never yet
Have I clung weakly, or with false regret,
To this frail mortal being. Name thy price,
And I will not with rashness sacrifice
The life which God bestowed, and which I prize,
To yield with fair renown.

Her full dark eyes
Dejection softened, as a transient shroud
To the bright sun hath been the tempest cloud.
" Yes, Count of Foix, if thou wilt acquiesce
With what thy Queen asks from thee, and express,
In solemn truth, thy thoughts:—Canst thou forget
Blanche of Navarre? If so, each boding threat
Which hath been uttered shall be silenced, and
Thy rescue welcomed through the joyous land."
" Blanche of Navarre forgotten! No—oh! no.
Let thy fell vengeance triumph, and the blow
Of tyranny be struck—fulfil thy threat;
But Blanche I will remember, nor forget
When, in my spirit's last communings, I
Implore my God's forgiveness, that so high

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She raised my sleeping faith. So that I shrink
 Not from thy tortures : no—upon the brink
 Of death and of eternity, I say
 Blanche of Navarre shall never lose the sway
 Which her ennobling virtue did obtain,
 Whilst memory will with ebbing life remain.”
 “Die, then !—yes, die !—thou shalt in torture die !
 And I will watch if so thou canst defy
 My mercy on the scaffold. Not within
 Thy prison walls, with kindness sheltered in
 Their secret gloom, shalt thou bend to the stroke
 Which shall be my triumph. Each word by thee spoke
 Hath wrought thee bitter death. Amid the crowd,
 And their insulting gaze, thou shalt be bowed,
 And thy heart’s life drops flow. But fare thee well :
 Since thou remembrest Blanche, still Isabel
 Forgotten shall not be.” She quickly closed
 The heavy clanging door, and then reposed
 Her gleaming lamp upon the cold damp earth.
 Her eyes she covered, and gave utterance forth
 To what her heart consumed. She wept !—that proud,
 Indignant woman sought for tears—aloud
 Her voice of sorrow raised. But soon it passed :
 Unmingled hatred vanquished grief at last.

The fatal morning came. The clear sunshine
Of that bright climate dawned upon the line
Of black and crimson foldings, which were spread
Above the scaffold's height. The scene of dread
Was thronged with murmuring crowds, for then Navarre
Loved not its Queen. With clamor, as of war,
Before the oriel casements of the high
And gloomy palace, sad and martially,
The heralds' trumpets loudly sounding, bid
Francis of Foix appear; and slowly did
He step upon the scaffold; and the waste
Of want and suffering on his form was traced.
As he majestically moved, the air
Waved back the clusters of his raven hair
From the pale lofty brow. The ironed hand
Hung by his side, which, for his native land,
So oft had conquest won. The full, rich tone
Of his impressive voice, a thrill might own,
As with a calm yet manly firmness he
Addressed the crowd. A passive energy
Pervaded every look, which, raised on high,
Lit the dark language of his mournful eye.
"There is one thought which hath the power to wring
A murmur from my lips—that I should bring

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Such clouds of sorrow o'er the sunny path
 Of her whose elevating virtue hath
 Reclaimed me from mine error, and that she,
 The faultless Princess of Navarre, should be
 Defamed by lips which should in death have closed
 E'er they one taint of calumny reposed
 Upon her spotless fame. Nought shall restrain
 My words with life. But, oh! should there remain
 One uncorrupted yet, when I am laid
 In the cold silence of the tomb's dark shade,
 Who will to Blanche in pity then impart—
 That no dread torture wrung her from my heart—
 That in the pangs of ignominious death,
 Her dear name lingered on my parting breath—
 That to a *culprit's* grave I bore the trust
 Of sacred faith, and sought my kindred dust,
 Debased—but yet triumphant. Martial fame
 May not record my now degraded name;
 But my lance is untarnished still. Though I
 In galling chains must as a traitor die,
 Yet my renown will be avenged, for France
 Will wake the tyrants from their dreaming trance,
 With combat and with capture. But the prayer
 Which I last breathe, will her remembrance bear.

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Blanche of Navarre ! Blanche of Navarre ! I bow
Unto a shameful death ; but, oh ! mayest thou
Hear that I die defending thy loved name,
Thy taintless virtue, and unsullied fame."
A mingled murmur rose amid the crowd,
As the pale culprit in devotion bowed.
The martyr-like serenity which o'er
His placid features' calm expression wore
The resignation of that glorious faith
Which can with light illumine the vale of death,
And win in hope the rescued spirit's place.
Even in the joy of heaven, through the grace
Of the Redeemer's mercy, who will guide
The humble penitent, who hath relied
On His all-saving, all-sufficient love,
To win a refuge and a rest above.
When, lo ! a tone of warlike clarions' swell
Awoke a startling fear. Was it the knell
Of that brave warrior ?—as if pageantry
Would then have mocked the scaffold, so that he
Should more intensely feel. Oh ! no ; the near
Approaching sound seemed respite, for the dear
And welcomed accents of his native land
Hastily urged impetuous command

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To hurry on. The far resounding clang
 Of trampling steeds upon the pavement rang.
 One moment of suspense—then on his breast
 Blanche of Navarre sunk in affrighted rest,
 Pale as a withering flower. The rushing crowd—
 The scaffold, and the victim, and the loud
 Increasing outcry—all before her past ;
 But unrestrained, her folding arms she cast
 Around his ironed form, as there to lean
 In refuge from the storm. The varying scene
 Presented now infuriated rage
 And useless effort, striving to assuage
 The multitude's din voice. Their monarch, then,
 Inquired whence rose tumultuous feeling ; when,
 With firm intrepid warmth, De Leyda spoke :
 " Oh ! Sovereign of Navarre, prevent this stroke
 With thine immediate word. Her gallant son,
 France now demands. Then be to justice won,
 And set him free." But, with her tangled hair,
 Unveiled, and floating on the morning air,
 Appeared the maddened Isabel, who now
 With her clenched hands smote her contracted brow.
 Strike ! lingering traitor ; wilt thou strike the blow,
 Ere other force compels thee ? Why thus so

Is thy queen's regal will so long delayed?
King of Navarre, speak now—art thou afraid
Of thine own subjects? Answer. Let him die,
With the resistance of his warriors nigh—
Let me behold him writhe in agony,
With Blanche beside him, and then I shall be
Rewarded and requited." Living fire
Flashed from her eye's wild brilliance, to inspire
A phrenzied terror. and the anxious tone
Now, of De Leyda's voice might pleading own.
"Oh! no, our sire, in mercy yet refrain,
Or war's dread devastation threatens Spain,
For he will be avenged. Oh! set him free—
Appease this discord of the soldiery.
Our monarch, set him free; and oh! let not
Thy name be sullied with so dark a blot.
Bid him descend from that dread scaffold's height,
And his long sufferings generously requite.
Let our fair Princess now to him be given
In promised union; and the smiles of heaven
Will beam upon thee. See, how tenderly
He clasps her to his bosom. Set him free—
Let his arms be unchained, that he may fold
Her in embrace by iron uncontrolled.

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Refuse it not, or thou wilt so incense
 Thy gathered legions, that with hate intense
 They will their native banner's shade forsake,
 And from thy crown their firm allegiance break.
 Even thy nobles will desert thee, should
 Thy weak consent be uttered ; for we could
 Not yield our pledge to despot tyranny.
 Release him, then—oh ! set that warrior free."
 "Hearest thou, Isabel," the king replied,
 But his fair consort stood not by his side ;
 Her reason's struggling influence was o'er,
 And, raving incoherently, they bore
 The frantic queen away. Their monarch then
 Betrayed no wish the stranger to condemn.
 "Francis of Foix, from thy captivity,
 And galling chains, descend ; for thou art free.
 Soldiers, take back your leader, and with pride
 Welcome again the warrior to your side ;
 And let rejoicings be proclaimed this night,
 And, with the banquets revelry, requite
 The mournful terror of the tragic scene
 Which here was contemplated. But my queen
 Cannot receive thee, Blanche. De Leyda will
 Protection's kindly rites to thee fulfil."

The acclamations of the joyous crowd,
Expressed in echoing shouts, attested loud
Their unrestrained emotion ; and the throng
In triumph moved exultingly along.

Francis of Foix, with tears, the sufferings heard
Which Blanche for him sustained. Nought had deterred
Her dreary pilgrimage ; for she had been
Without defence, through every fearful scene.
She had not faltered. Night's chill darkness could
Not even daunt her. Through the bandit wood,
Or by the chasm where the torrent swept
Its gushing music, or enchanted slept
Amid its starless gloom, where pine trees hung,
Fringed with *rejected tears* the stream had flung
From its impeded waves, as if the deep
And melancholy solitude *could* weep.
She had the snowy Pyrenees traversed,
Amid their loneliest windings, where she first
The vines of France might view, 'mid sunny vales,
Their foliage murmuring with the south's sweet gales.
She through the war-camp had proceeded, and,
Amid the legions of that martial land,
Had sought their monarch's presence, to implore,

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His potent interference, to restore
Francis of Foix ; and Gallia's sovereign, swayed
With warmly roused indignant feelings, bade
His fiercest warriors haste, to rescue, or
Avenge their valiant leader, naming for
His life, the lives of many ; that, if slain,
Destructive war should wildly ravage Spain
With desolating fury. His release
And rescue had concluded final peace.

Francis of Foix, his fair and noble bride,
'Mid cheering crowds, led to the altar's side.
Navarre's cathedral's dark stupendous pile
Rang with the joyous shouts ; each splendid aisle
In regal pride and gorgeous pomp displayed
Its sovereign's pageantry. Blanche was arrayed
With that sweet emblem, purity, with which
Her mind was sanctified, that, in its rich
And priceless treasures, with devotion brought
Faith's heavenly tribute in each fervent thought
Which deep thanksgiving raised. Then from Navarre
To his own mountain territory far,
He bore the lovely princess, with delight,
To its retired peace. No sorrowing blight

Dwelt on their blended fate, which in the bond
Of virtue had been linked, and in the fond
Increasing tenderness which hath no fear
To dim that confidence, which must endear
United sympathy. Hath love exiled
Embittering doubt?—It hath been undefiled
By erring weakness. Hath its strength been prized
In that momentous hour when agonized
Man hath in sorrow wept?—Doth it endure
Through hopeless anguish?—Then is secure
In virtue's bright reward. When tinged with guilt,
It cannot watch the blood it cherished spilt.
Virtue alone, with its refining aid,
Will soothe the sufferer through the gloomy shade
Which death's dim twilight offers, and the prayer
Which faith in mercy hath long cherished. There
Teach man, in hope, his spirit to resign
Upon that breast where love and virtue twine.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

TO AN OBDURATE WIDOWER.

THEN fare thee well, thou obdurate :

I thought I should have won
Some kindly passing glance from thee ;

But thou didst ever shun,
With cold and unremitting care,
The brightness of mine eye,
And with malicious haughtiness

For ever pass me by.

Oh ! I have watched thine every look,

And every wish and word ;
But every effort hath been vain,

To make myself preferred ;
And it hath so entirely failed,

That now it is too late .

Thine absence will be long, and I
Cannot thy coming wait ;
For I have studied, certainly,
Phrenology's best laws,
And on my cranium is a bump
Which bids me never pause
On what I have determined, so
That, obdurate as thou art,
I now will show thee I retain
The mastery of my heart.
Go—thou mayst smile on others now,
And I will mine bestow,
Amid my votaries' flattering throngs,
On some young gallant beau,
And I will never, all my life,
A widower seek to gain :
A heart that has been yielded once,
Is worth no further pain.

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THE CHURCH OF ST. EUSTACHE.

On the 14th of December, 1838, the village of St. Eustache was invested by a military force under the immediate command of Sir John Colborne, and was almost entirely destroyed. Its beautiful church, in which divine service had been performed the preceding day, had been chosen by the rebels as a fortification, and was consumed, only leaving its shattered front, as a memorial of the once magnificent pile.

PROUD in its loftiness, that noble pile
Above the village pines arose. The stream
Beside the foliage of the tall oak wood,
Bore the reflection of its shadowy gleam.
The rich bright crimson of the morning sun
Through mists of vapor floated, and the breeze
Wafted the deep and solemn Sabbath bell
Through the far rustling of the ancient trees ;
And the full organ raised its pealing voice
Through the resounding aisles, and chanted prayer
Swelled on the veil of incense, as it breathed
The mantling perfume of its fragrance there.
But, the descending orb, another morn,
Looked through the dimness of its chill twilight,
And faintly gleaming in its pale decline,

O'er the long shadows of the fabric's height,
As if it languished in departing rest
With softened lingering radiance, where so soon
That glittering spire would not reflect the ray,
In silvery silence of the midnight moon.
Through the dark forest trees the kindling flash
That morning tinged the star-deserted sky
With reddening lustre ; and the mingling crash
Of clanging weapons, and the battle cry,
Passed on the air ; and emanating glow,
And frantic murmurs, and the fiery breath
Of bursting shells, and sounds of rending woe
Came from the scene of conflict and of death.
Then the tall church was wrapt in glancing showers
And wreathing flames ; and densely gathering smoke
Ascended from the area, where the voice
Of prayer had oft the spirit's fervor woke.
And many lay in phrenzied anguish by
The blood polluted altar, as the flush
Of close resistless fire gained on them, and
Clasped the high columns with its hastening rush ;
And the bright spire's irradiating glow
With fervid streams of devastating flame
Encircled with that spreading intense glow,
Which, as the lava's current nought can tame

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Till all is vanished ! But, in maddened strength,
Came the loud shrieks of bitter agony,
Till, with appalling crush, the sanctuary fell
In blazing ruins, o'er the dead to lie.
The parting warriors left that crumbling pile—
The falling fragments of that flaming shrine,
Where the Almighty had been worshipped. With
The stars of twilight o'er its wreck to shine,
That burning trophy, in its wasting might,
Gleamed o'er the conquerors' steps, by Colborne led,
And, in the dimness of approaching night,
The distant glow a lurid splendor shed.
But Colborne's guide, the never clouded star
Of mercy's radiance. Though the *gory sod*
May weep its crimson tears, yet Colborne strikes
For England's faith, her glory and her God.
Not his the wreath ambition's triumph wins,
In mournful laurels, from the slaughtered dead.
No—peace its olive nurtures with the light
Which fame and victory o'er his path hath shed.
The midnight moon in softened lustre rose
O'er the red gleaming of that fiery waste,
The desolation of that sacred pile
And hallowed shrine her parting beams had traced.

THE ST. AGNES LIGHT-HOUSE,

OR, THE PARTING OF THE NORE.

UPON the deep
Then is our parting, as the night-clouds sweep
O'er its blue expanse, and one pensive star,
In solitary vigil, from afar
Looks on the sea, with melancholy light;
But the dim vapors pass it, as too bright
To shine upon this hour, for shadowy wreaths
Encircle its pale radiance, and there breathes,
Along the rippling waves, a voice of low
And omen mystery, in their mournful flow,
Borne from the fading land. A sad farewell
Finds plaintive music in their gushing swell—
A parting murmur from my native isle—
Which its breeze wafts to me the lone exile.
I must depart for ever: ne'er to tread
The verdant sod, which damply shrouds my dead,

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Where nurtured flowers luxuriantly wave
O'er the marked rising of each long traced grave.
The low sad rustling of the oak-tree leaves,
When, through their boughs, the sorrowing night wind
grieved,
Seems floating on the ocean, as if still,
With its faint moaning to renew the thrill
With which each sound is fraught, and every tone
Some lingering thought of gone-by hours must own
In its sweet murmur uttered, as each scene
Comes back upon my view, where oft hath been
My childhood's step, where Carisbrook looks o'er
The misty bosom of the sea-swept shore.
Beneath its ivyed porch how oft mine eye
Hath watched the shadows of the evening lie
O'er the dim forests, where the silvery gleam
Of the pale waters of fair Itchen's stream
Rose through the vallies—where the scented leaves
Of home's dear cowslips bloomed amid the sheaves
Of the rich whitening corn-fields. But why dwell
Upon each scene to which I bid farewell—
Which is no more for me? Each tall cliff's height
I shall not trace through morning's first twilight.
And now the beacon, o'er the ocean's breast
Sends forth its glittering rays; its lofty crest

With dazzling and revolving lustre strews
 The varying brilliance of resplendent hues
 Of evanescent brightness, o'er the flush
 Of the red sparkling waves, whose crimsoned blush
 Is broken by the dark clouds as they float
 Through the dense air, and the dull sea-bird's note
 Its requiem wakes; and now his heart-breathed song
 The parting mariner pours forth along
 The echoing waters: What impassioned ties,
 Long cherished hopes, and tender sympathies,
 Must now be severed!

And I part from thee,
 Companion of my sorrows, Long have we
 Been kindred mourners. Long hath earnest love,
 With its sincerity, accordance wove
 Unto all other grief, for thou hast prized
 The orphan stranger: all, save thee, despised,
 Neglected, and abandoned. Thou hast been
 The only friend mine early youth hath seen,
 And nought hath altered thee. Thou hast not changed,
 Though every tie from me hath been estranged.
 When my dejected feelings have been torn
 By chilling pride or cold insulting scorn
 How oft thy pity, soothingly expressed
 Hath lull'd my anguish to repose—

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How often hath the pressure of thine hand
Been clasped in mine, in stilled devotion, and
The solemn visions of each spirit fraught
With fervent prayer of hushed, but blended thought.
But I must now, bereft of friendship, go
To languish in the exile's lonely woe.
Oh ! let my tears fall on thee, e'er I mourn
Far, far from thee. I never can return,
To sink upon thy bosom ; and I hold
Thee, as I would the cherished *dead* enfold,
With passionate embrace. But now, farewell !
The ocean parts us with its heaving swell.
Hear me. I go ; and o'er the distant wave
The western land will yield me but a grave,
And no pale flowers, with melancholy bloom,
Will deck the tall grass o'er the *stranger's tomb*.
I may not even mingle with the dust
Of my departed kindred. No—I must,
Even in death, be alienated, and
Rest in the *cold earth of a foreign land*.
Farewell ! farewell ! thy native breeze will bear
The hallowed incense of thine uttered prayer,
While mine will float along the azure deep,
When rising stars their twilight vigil keep.

But, if in heaven accepted, blended there
 Will be its offering. Thus, we yet may share
 The silent spirit's still communion, though
 The blue Atlantic may between us flow.
 Farewell ! farewell ! and may God's blessing rest
 For ever with thee. O'er the ocean's breast,
 Each thought will be with thee. Till life is o'er
 We in this vale of conflict meet no more.

Is it for this we cherish love intense ?
 To part in such deep anguish ? Oh ! from whence
 Springs such unbounded sorrow ? Why am I
 Such a lone wanderer ? The waves float by
 But they heed not my tears ; the freshening breeze
 Comes with a moaning from the rippling seas,
 But answereth not my sigh. My childhood's home
 Hath other inmates, while the surge's foam
 From its last shadow bears me. But, farewell !
 I mourn mine exile on the billow's swell.

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THE WOUNDED DEER.

Written on seeing, at the Government House, Sorel, a newly captured deer suffering with a broken antler, from its efforts to get free.

Poor gentle deer—how thy black loving eye
Gazes with tender fondness ! Oh ! that I
Could tend thee in thine anguish, and bestow
Care on the untold sufferings thou must know ;
But thou art not for me ; thou art among
The high and noble, from thy covert sprung
Thy dark old pine-tree woods, where thou hadst been
A playful wanderer o'er the verdant green.
And thou, a wounded captive, art in pain
Because thy freedom thou didst seek to gain.
Didst thou remember, that the mountain tract
Lost 'midst the cliffs was thine—the cataract

Foamed in its spray for thee—that thou couldst leap
Across the chasm, where embedded deep
The splashing torrent swept—that nought deterred
Thy bounding footstep 'midst the forest herd?
Didst thou remember where the light breeze shook
The quivering reeds beside the running brook—
Where timid leverets played, and where the cry
Of parent goldbirds faintly wandered by,
Searching their scattered young—where all was free,
And bore a look of native liberty—
Where the soft green fringed moss the beech-trees root
Clasped round in starry verdure, and the fruit
Hung in luxuriant clusters on the bough—
Which pendant seemed for thee? But surely now
Unbound thou wilt not be, again to taste
The pure clear dew-drop of the desert waste.
Thou art alone, amid the love of those
Who kindly wish thee here to find repose.
Thou art no stranger to the gentle hand,
Nor the endearing tones of accents bland.
Thou hast the blossoms of the flowery lawn
To cull in peace; and each succeeding dawn
Brings thee no foe—no unmarked footsteps here
With sudden rustling can arouse thy fear.

But thou wouldst rather own thy still retreat
Of darkening foliage, and inhale the sweet
Glad breezes of the forest. In the bound
Of mountain liberty, thou wouldst be found
Again, poor wounded deer. Perchance the bow
Of the unerring Indian strike thee low.
Then seek not, gentle favorite, to be free.
Peaceful the shades which sweetly shelter thee,
Amid bright roses feeding, nor repine
That in such bowers captivity is thine.

THE OMEN ROSES.

Late in the month of November, the faded rose-trees renewed their verdure. It was pronounced as an omen of death; and the lovely blossoms did remain until they decorated the corpse of a favorite boy, aged six years.

THE radiant snow had fallen
Upon the earth's dark breast ;
The autumn flowers had vanished—
Gone to their winter's rest.
The icy chain had silenced
The sweeping torrents' rush ;
The pining streamlet slumbered
In calm, unwakened hush ;
The larch trees tassels lingered
As the tokens grief endears,
And the rain drops hung congealed
Like monumental tears ;

And yet around one cottage porch,
Where the wild vines drooped low,
The rose tree's tender leaflets
Were vernal 'mid the snow.
The opening buds were wreathing
Twin clusters into bloom,
And the autumn's chill breeze wafted
The soft and rich perfume.
But a warning voice came breathing—
A low and solemn tone—
It said, those flowers were wearing
An omen of their own ;
It said, death's hand was touching
Each young and fragile leaf,
And that a token mystery
Unfolded unto grief—
That they were things too lovely
In bright and summer glow,
Their beauty so to mingle
Amid the winter snow.
But it was thought those bodings
Came from a lone mind's pain—
That her prophetic warnings
The sybil poured in vain.

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But a hectic bloom came feeding
On a young cheek's roseate hue,
And a glittering star-like brightness
Beamed in the eyes deep blue.
But, oh ! that bloom was rifled
From stern death's sable wreath,
And that bright eye's sparkling radiance
Had something sad beneath.
And those omen roses withered
Upon the ice-cold face,
And the cherished boy, adorned,
Went to the grave's dark place.
Earth is a home of sorrowing,
And bears no lasting flowers ;
So when aught lovely springeth up,
We must not think it ours.

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THE HAUNTED LUTE.

In some work which recently fell into the hands of the authoress of the "Mourner's Tribute," but of which she has forgotten the title, an instance is recorded of the dissolution of a dearly beloved wife, who, previous to her spirit leaving this world, expressed a wish to be allowed to hold some communion with her husband, after her decease. She had been a lovely performer on the harp; and, on the evening immediately after her death, the harp strings sounded sweetly, and there seemed a soft and balmy breath floating around him. This was again repeated; but on the third evening, the chords snapped violently, and the bereaved husband died at the same moment. True or not, the story is a very romantic one, and is calculated to please any lover of the marvellous—the more so, that it is averred that the harp, with its strings shivered, is still to be seen in the possession of some distinguished person in the north of England.

BENEATH the gloom, where yon tall linden trees
Wave their pale blossoms in the balmy breeze,
Shading the brightness of the sunny glow—
O'er the calm bosom of the streamlets flow,
Where, clearly imaged in its sleeping wave,
Yon peaceful cottage, its low shadow gave—
Where the white roses round the lattice twine,
Amid the tendrils of the dark wild vine,
Returning spring the flowers to bloom restore;
But those who trained them, view them now no more;

And in that silent dwelling once, a love
Which rose misfortune's dreary gloom above,
Was firmly cherished, and each blending thought
Was with the impulse of affection fraught.
The storms of fate by them unheeded were,
Whilst each fond feeling it was theirs to share.
The proud neglectful world on them had frowned
With its contemptuous scorn. Here had they found
Unshaded happiness, to gild the hours,
Amid the silence of their lonely bowers ;
For as its smile had not been theirs to miss,
Like the *pale flowers the sun may never kiss*,
Which, in the dimness of the stilly night,
Unfold those leaves they exile from the light,
United here each dear confiding joy,
They deemed not death was hovering to destroy.
Oft have they wandered by the rippling stream,
Watching the first rays of the moon's mild beam,
While braided lilies carelessly entwined
Her raven tresses, waving unconfined.
But every passion was intensely mute,
When her light fingers touched her deep-toned lute,
Or when their voices, in the mingling prayer,
Would richly float upon the evening air ;

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But soon those sounds in anxious fear were hushed,
And in its anguish, hope's fair blossoms crushed.
Is there *one* lonely thing to soothe our fate,
Doth death not seem its culture to await ?
Doth he not love the *blighted wreck* to save,
And bring the *cherished* to an early grave ?
And here, ere long, the warning voice they heard,
In midnight sadness, of the omen bird,
And the blue meteor faintly tinged the sky
With a dimmed circle. *She* was doomed to die !
Then would the tears of deep regret oft flow,
And dew her hectic cheek's consumptive glow ;
But when it faded, and the palid hue
Of tintless white told life was ebbing to
Its final close—when her soft voice no more
Could to her lute's loved chords with fulness pour
Its melancholy music—when she spoke,
In mournful accents, of that change—it woke
In his sad heart a feeling thought must bind,
Which for expression cannot utterance find.
And one still evening's dim and shadowy hour,
As gleaming star-light glittered through the bower
Of trelliced roses, 'mid tall myrtle's gloom,
He felt the moment of approaching doom

Depress her spirit ; damp and heavy dew
Streamed o'er her moistened brow, whose marble hue
With her dark tresses shaded ; cold, serene,
And pure and passionless it looked ; scarce seen
The blue vein's throb, till as a blighted rose,
It bore the tint of death's own pale repose.
But her full eye, with its fixed shadowy gaze,
Dwelt upon him. " I feel that life decays,"
She slowly uttered ; " but weep not for me,
When the chill tomb my place of rest will be ;
But, if permitted in the bliss above,
To own the influence of an earthly love,
My parted spirit will commune with thine,
United in the mystery of divine
And blended prayer and thought—with thee to dwell
In hallowed reverling. But farewell,
My fond, my own beloved. My faltering breath
Expresses, now the varying tone of death.
Oh ! thou wilt feel the lone and sorrowing blight,
When thou wilt seek me in the morning light
When I shall be whence I cannot return.
Yes, thou wilt then for thy departed mourn ;
But this the last request I ask from thee—
In the same grave that thou wilt rest with me.

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May peace be thine—may God's own blessing calm
Thee in affliction, and bestow the balm
With which religion can its aid instil,
To yield resigned to His most holy will.
And now vouchsafe, redeeming mighty Lord,
That Thy sustaining radiance may be poured
Upon the vale I pass, where shadows lie,
Darkening the strength of mortal agony.
Which faith in Thee illumines. Oh ! Jesus Christ,
Thou Saviour, who for sin wert sacrificed,
Ransom that soul which doth Thy mercy wait,
Thy all-sufficient love to expiate
Transgressions I deplore. Oh ! Lamb of God,
Let the grave's pathway now by me be trod
Saved, sanctified through Thee."

Unconsciously

Her dimmed eye now returned the look that he
Upon her cast ; and his sad widowed heart
Felt that, indeed. God only could impart
Consoling hope to him. For she now slept
In peaceful still repose. Not then he wept ;
For long entranced, he o'er her calmly hung,
Then, wakening in embittered anguish, flung
Himself beside her. Nought on earth was left

To soothe the mourner. There, of all bereft,
An utter blank was now the world to him,
Deprived of her, and desolately dim
Passed the long weary hours. Then did despair
Urge that dread conflict reason may not share,
Which, like the stormy blast, nought can assuage,
Till it hath wasted its tempestuous rage,
And lulled itself. But is there grief like this?
One who hath known unmingled perfect bliss?
Then yield it to the grave. What can allay
Such intense suffering, save devotion's sway?

The silent evening came. Its night-born hour
Brought the fulfilment of a mystic power;
The lute-strings sounded, with a phantom touch,
The low, rich melancholy tones, as such
She had awakened ere the hour of death;
And a soft balmy spirit murmuring breath
Around him floated, pensively to share
The offered incense of the mourner's prayer.
And, at that moment, when all else was mute,
The lonely music of that haunted lute,
With omen melody, its plaintive strain
In sorrow's tribute hushed. Then woke again.

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The waning moon had in the silvery west
Sunk in the paleness of declining rest,
And in the blue and orb-deserted sky,
Through wavy mist, strange visions glided by,
As all the world in midnight silence slept,
And noise-less dewdrops with the wretched wept
Unmarked and heavily, until the morn
Renewed its kindling smiles. To the forlorn
What solace hath its brightness? In deep grief
And ceaseless woe, can radiance give relief
Unto affliction? No—the darkening cloud
Forms with the shadow of its mantling shroud
A more congenial influence, when the ray
Of gleaming splendor melts in tears away.

Once more the day had o'er the crimsoned deep
Hushed the sweet stillness of its sun-set sleep,
In its resplendent brilliance to diffuse,
O'er dense and slowly rising clouds, the hues
Which fringed each vapor with their parting light,
Ere veiled amid the chilling gloom of night.
Then were the lute chords once more wildly swept,
As the bereaved one in mute anguish wept,
The mournful tones a dream-like music's plaint,
In pining sadness—languishingly faint.

With sorrowing melody the phantom strain
Awoke its melancholy voice again
In thrilling murmur, and each omen lay
In mystery's grieving echo, died away
The soft and balmy breath, its shadowy mist
In tribute wreaths of floating silence kissed
The haunted lute ; and now each answering string
Was loudly touched. He then felt he could spring
From earth unfettered—broken was the chain
Which linked life with the bitterness of pain ;
For death's destroying angel hurried on,
With early doom, as each responsive tone
Poured, in a long vibration, its farewell :
The chords were shivered—and the mystic spell
For ever broken. As his spirit fled,
Lulled to the sweet sleep of the quiet dead,
The prayer was heard which they so oft had breathed,
That with the same death-flowers they might be wreathed.
The minstrel phantom then forsook the lute
In death-like silence its snapped chords were mute ;
And the grave, blended love nought could divide—
In its repose they slumber, side by side.

A LAY OF LIBERTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SOREL VOLUNTEERS.

WE will be free ! we will be free !

With life's last faltering gasp.

We will be free ! and until death,

Resist the foeman's grasp.

Who would consent, with freedom's loss

A servile life to save ?

Woe be to him ! the coward who

Now dreads a freeman's grave.

We will be free ! we will be free !

Though force should bind each arm,

Nor yet in chains our *faith* betray,

Whilst our life-blood is warm.

We will be free ! we will be free !
Our struggle nought deter—
As free as is the *native breeze*
Which England's banners stir.

But it were sad, beneath the stroke
Of rebel arms to die,
Ere our loud clarion's voice had poured
The tones of victory.

But, welcome steel ! and welcome fight !
Death shall our conqueror be,
But nought to yield, whilst "God and Right"
Commands us to be free !

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THE TOKEN

Yes, they are faded !—every hue is
Which tinged those flowers, as from the silent dead
Passeth each trace of beauty's transient bloom,
In the dim shadow of an early tomb.

Yes, they are faded !—those sweet fragile flowers—
Those sad memorials of remembered hours—
Affection's tribute offering. How should they
Unchanged be yet ? *Thy love* hath known decay.
Did I not tell thee, when thou gavest me those,
And culled each bright and newly-opening rose,
That thou shouldst rather seek the blighted tree,
The withered leaves, and cankered buds, for me ?
And thou didst chide me, thus to deem thy love
Could be by absence weakened. Memory strove
Long with neglect, until consuming grief
In hidden tears found passionate relief ;



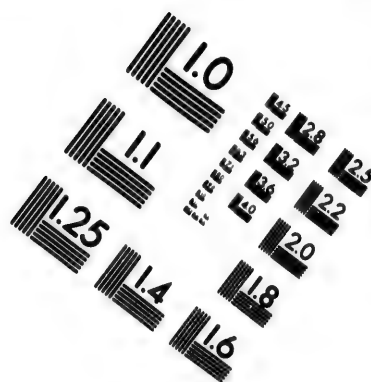
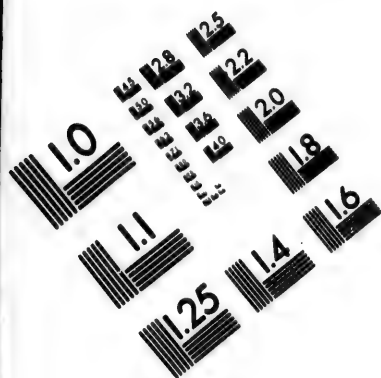
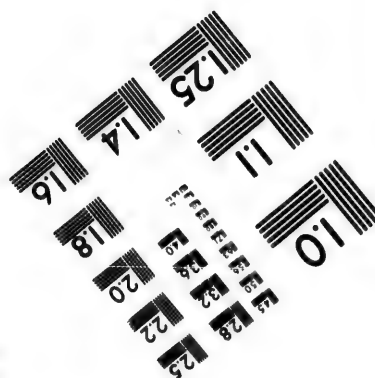
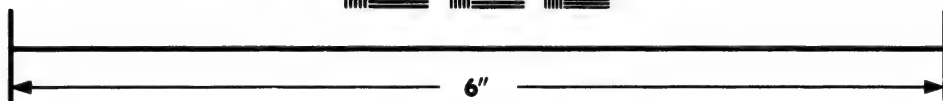
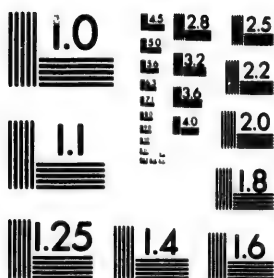


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And those pale flowers have in that sorrow's dew
Been ever moistened, and each lingering hue
Been treasured as an emblem of that trust
Of faith as transient as their scattered dust.
How have I been rewarded? From that shore,
To which affection its firm promise bore,
Thou hast returned; but with a *foreign* bride—
An *alien blossom* smiling at thy side.
Canst thou look on each fondly cherished rose,
And not one shadow dim thy love's repose?
Canst thou gaze on my careworn, faded cheek,
And no remembrance stifled anguish speak,
As every tint hath vanished, and each vow,
Solemnly pledged, been broken, which hath now
Been to another plighted? So the flower,
Which breathes its solitary sweetness for an hour,
Then languishes away, and leaves no trace
But which the winds with passing sighs efface,
Is still an emblem of that love which thou
Didst with its token offer; and that *now*
Bears no memorial, save my tears—the *power*
Which long hath nurtured each pale withered flower.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE LATE REVEREND JOHN JACKSON,

Rector of Christ Church, William Henry.

HE is gone to his rest—he is gone to his home—
To man's last abode—the repose of the tomb.
The cord hath been loosed, and the golden bowl broken—
The mandate of death, and of judgment, been spoken.
The tired wheel of life hath in weariness ceased,
And the sufferer from sin and its sting is released—
His spirit returned to the pure hand who gave it,
In the hope that the God who created, would save it.
He is gone to his rest—His last prayer hath ascended,
And the incense of faith with its offering was blended.
He dwelt on the memory of Calvary's scene,
Where the blood of the Saviour his ransom had been—
“Yes, corruption,” he said, “of my flesh will partake,
But my soul will to heaven, in its glory, awake;
Though the worms of the dust will my body destroy,
Yet repentance hath sanctified death unto joy.

It is but the clay which is laid in the grave,
 Where God's only Lamb hath descended to save,
 Then come Blessed Redeemer, the conflict is mine,
 But the victory, o'er death and its terror, is Thine."
 He is gone to the tomb, who so often was wont,
 On the infant's pale brow, from the baptismal font,
 The first covenant promise of God to renew,
 Whence redemption's bright rainbow may rise from its dew.
 He is gone to his rest, who so often hath spoken
 The vow of life's union, the sanctified token
 Of Christ's holy love for His Church, to inherit
 The wings of His mercy, the gift of the Spirit:
 He is gone to his rest, who so often hath prayed
 With the faint soul that trembled beneath death's dark
 shade—

Who so often hath uttered that farewell of earth;
 Which gives the departed to heavenly birth:
 But now it is changed: he is gone to his rest—
 The dust to its dust—the eternity blessed;
 For from heaven the voice said, "The being restored—
 Henceforth blessed are the faithful who die in the Lord;"
 And the sheaf was full ripe for the harvest and peace,
 And the soul sought from sorrow to win its release.
 He hath entered the joy which that voice hath expressed,
 Even so, saith the Spirit, from his labors to rest.

THE MINSTREL'S HARP.

THE minstrel's harp was silent save
The low faint murmurings ;
The mournful echo of his sighs
Woke from the plaintive strings.

The minstrel gazed upon the chord,
Broken beneath his touch,
As if the magic of a spell
Had seemed to fancy such.

For from his tuneless lyre it fell
A melancholy token—
For, like the chord of his lone harp,
The minstrel's heart was broken.

For he had breathed impassioned love,
But he had vainly hoped,

The chieftain's daughter scorned his prayer,
And love's sweet roses drooped.

The radiant wine-cup gleamed around,
The banquet board was spread;
But o'er the minstrel's faded cheek
A death-like hue was spread.

His shadowy hand passed o'er the strings,
With sadness in each tone;
A melody of touching grief
His spirit's stifled moan.

A sorrow breathing lay woke from
That harp's low chords again,
But the mantling anguish of his brow
Dreamed o'er the *life-wrung* strain.

In silence, long that minstrel's harp,
Hung in the chieftain's hall,
Save when the winds awoke its sigh
With their *Æolian* call.

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FIRE.

The fire which destroyed a considerable portion of William Henry, in the autumn of 1835, commenced during the hour of vespers. It destroyed some magnificent trees in the vicinity of the ancient cemetery: and at midnight, when the flames were almost entirely extinguished, the head-boards were still burning, with a low rustling noise among the long damp grass.

A THRILLING cry of devastating fire
Rang as the anthem's swell resounded through
The sun-lit aisle. The vesper melody
Its "ora mater" ceased; the rushing throng
Forth from the sanctuary burst; the rising flames,
With lurid splendor, in the distance gleamed,
For many fabrics blazed. The floating wreaths
Seemed to invest the clear blue cloudless sky
With glowing mists, and tall and lovely trees,
With waving rich luxuriant foliage, fanned
The breeze-uplifted showers of fire, which through
The arrowy boughs ascended, where the tints
Of brilliant autumn rested on the leaves
Of high majestic lindens, and the elms
Bright varying hues displayed. Those ancient trees

Whose shadowy branches had oft murmured with
The voice of prayer which had its requiem breathed
To lay in peace the dead, for they o'erhung
The hallowed sod wherein the silent slept
In dreamless dark repose. The sweet spring's breath
Oft thrilled their young buds, as they opened mid
Their tender wreaths of pale green verdure, and
The song of forest birds been warbled there,
In tribute music, when the sun-light smiled
In early radiance through the trembling shade.
And often had the fierce sway of the storm
Rocked on its sweeping wings, their stately heads,
And vivid lightning quivered mid the gloom
Their aged crests o'erspread, which now the rush
Of withering torrent clasped. The darting waves,
Which from the gathering volume rolled, burst o'er,
The waste of shrinking foliage, and the bright
Irradiating sparkles glanced upon
The hot and fervid air, till, like a crimsoned veil
O'er the calm Richelieu's tide, reflected rose the flush
Of mantling desolation, as the night
Fell with impervious mist. The reddening hue
Illumined the darkness with its ceaseless glare.
And wide encircling fury, as along
The desert floats the fire-winds ardent breath,

In its resistless and unvarying path.
And melancholy lights gleamed sadly o'er
The dark sepulchral earth. Each sacred pile,
Long consecrated to the hallowed dead,
Presented how its time-worn monument,
Enwreathed with languid flames, like meteors which
Rise in the tempest sky. The moaning grass
Waved in funeral murmur, as the strange
And lurid radiance through its bosom passed
On like a gliding stream. The gloom voiced wind,
With low and pining music, fanned each dim
And wasting glow, which seemed contending with
The rich damp moisture of that burial sod,
That venerated mould, whose verdure had
Long been the tombs own shroud. The distant pines,
On their tall branches caught the deepening hue,
With fringelike lustre, and the tranquil stars
Smiled not with Heaven's pale silvery stillness, for
The red suffusing tint blushed o'er them, and
The moonlight's splendor seemed forgotten in
The devastating brilliance which enwrap
The streaming fabrics in continued blaze,
O'er which the smoke condensed, ascended not
But like a pall hung o'er the fearful scene.

ZOOLOGY PERSONIFIED,

OR, MY OWN DESCRIPTION.

LAVATER says that every face
And physiognomy
Bears some resemblance to the race
Of beast, or bird, or bee.

But as for me, I'm in myself
Quite a menagerie :
What is imputed to *all* else,
Unites and blends in *me* !

My own description I will give,
In nature's best array ;
But flattery is not current with
Zoological display.

Some ladies, it is said, object
To every painter's touch,
And bring some argument to prove
There yet is wanting much ;

ED,
But in my own will not be found
The least deficiency :
I'm sure it doth excel all my
Own self-complacency.

They say my head resembles much
A coach upon its axle,
From which my shoulders stick out, like
The corners of a tack-sail.

Then, in rotation, comes my hair,
Which is as brown and dry
As if some neighbourly old bear
Had lent me a supply.

The contour of my face is like
The ample bright full moon,
But with expression—which must strike
For that of a racoon.

My eyes, I'm told, for ever seem
Like fear-congealed cockroaches ;
But I am tempted to believe
These are unjust reproaches.

My mouth—that is an oven quite,
In which there is displayed
A set of tusks, of which you would
Be very much afraid.

As for my nose I do not know
What to compare that to :
I think I must that feature leave
To be pourtrayed by you.

But, then, I do possess a pair
Of noble Midas ears,
Though they are not in danger of
His tell-tale barber's shears.

My slender arms, they do not please :
They quite as graceful are
As goose's legs that ill at ease
Are cramped up in a jar.

My hands, they oft describe them as
A sort of monkey paws,
From which my nails are starting out,
Like sharp and prickly claws.

My feet are like the hoofs of some
Old tardy elephant,
Because a round, unweildy shape
Hath nothing to enchant.

As to my form, they fain would prove
That of aquatic kind,
Which nature has, most luckily
Amphibiously inclined.

Beneath green trees I love to rest,
And o'er Lavater pore,
With natural history impressed
On my mind's *kindred* lore.

Now if some my advice would take,
They would a drum procure,
And then of me a *lion* make
On some excursive tour.

THE WOOD DUCK.

On the death of a favorite wood duck, which had been decoyed, and remained
some time in captivity.

THOU'RT gone, sweet bird, thou'rt gone. No more for
thee

Thy native wild will blossom pleasantly—
No more wilt thou thy brilliant plumage lave
In the calm stillness of the summer wave.
Why didst thou leave thine own tall forest trees,
Where thou wert free as is the mountain breeze?
Perchance thou wert, like me, a lonely thing,
And none awaited thy returning wing;
And the din murmur of the waterfall
Alone responded to thy plaintive call.
Oh! vain, indeed, the soft spring breezes blow,
When the heart's canker withers all below.

Can the bright sun, which renovates a flower,
Exhale the tears which own misfortune's power ?
Or can the bud once broken from its stem
Renew its fragrance with the dew-drop's gem ?
Or can the spirit, which is doomed to mourn
For parted hopes, when visioned joys return,
Recal the past ? Oh ! no—it is in vain :
The heart once blighted, cannot break again.
And thou, lone wanderer, thou couldst not retrace
The hidden refuge of thy covert place
Amid the green reeds whispering, by the edge
Of flowery banks, where fern and mossy sedge,
And water lilies' pure white blossoms wreathed,
Hung floating o'er the stream—where music breathed
Along the shore, borne from the gleaming lake—
Where the low ripple of its eddies wake
A thrill of melody, and faint winds stir
The summer veil of fragile gossamer
O'er roses' soft bloom mantled, and the bright
And rich tints of the opening flowers, when light
Unfolded from its morning sleep the hue
Which night had cherished with its freshening dew,
And where the tassels of the mournful pines
Moan in the plaintive breeze, when day declines.

Thy pinions soared 'mid these, when thou wert free,
Ere thou wert lured to thy captivity ;
And from thy muffled rest, sweet timid bird,
Thy lovely variegated plumes were stirred,
When joyously wild choristers along
The forest twilight poured their tribute song.
Ere thou wert vainly tempted, and forsook
The genial shelter of thy native brook ;
And thou didst pine in solitary grief,
Till death unchained thee with unfelt relief.
Long didst thou languish in thy wearying pain ;
But it is past—thou wilt not grieve again.
Thou'rt gone, sweet bird ; and soon in peace will I
Snap the frail chord of my sad destiny.
No transient tear will ever fall for me,
Shed with the mute regret I feel for thee.

A FAREWELL SONG,

OR, EVENING RECORDS.

FAREWELL ! farewell ! companion

Of many a sport and play.

The billows soon will bear me

Far, far from thee away.

When on our tranquil river

Thy lonely bark will be,

And far from thee I'll wander,

Oh ! wilt thou think of me ?

The willow trees are waving

Their drooping foliage o'er ;

But our own song of evening

The wave will hear no more.

The moon's pale light is shining

O'er its calm placid stream,

With the water lily floating

Beneath its silvery gleam.

But fare thee well, for ever !
My path is o'er the sea ;
When far away I wander,
Each thought will be with thee.
The tall green fern is whispering
Beside the free rill's flow,
And the deep blue violet shadows
Lay on its rest below ;
The tender lambs are bleating
Beside the mossy fold,
And day-light's ray hath vanished
From its trace of liquid gold ;
The northern beams are wandering
O'er heaven's sapphire arch,
And the low breeze murmur sighing
Through boughs of tasselled larch ;
The fire-fly showers are glancing
The linden buds among,
And the nightingale her lonely
And early lay hath sung.
Now, fare thee well, for ever !
My path is o'er the sea ;
And these sweet evening records
In memory live with thee.

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THE TABLET.

A tablet is raised in the church-yard of Three-Rivers, bearing the inscription
"Mark the perfect man—consider the upright; for his end is peace."—*Psalm*
xxxvii. 37.

WHERE the ebb shadows tremble o'er the rest
Of the beloved and sainted dead, who blessed
Have in the Lord departed—where the dust
Hath taken back its part of those whose trust
In Jesus was secure, for whom the ray
Of glorious faith illumed the darkened way
Which death's dim mystery shrouded, and the fears
Of mortal agony obscured, when floods of tears
From watchful eyes had gushed; and prayer had stilled
The yearning of the heart, which yet was filled
With visions of this earth—departing life
Looked on the anguish of his gentle wife,
And on his children's grief. *That parting hour*
Might alienate, with its conflicting power,

Some thought from heaven ; and he yet might cling
To this frail being, till the sacred spring
Which from the Rock of Ages hath its flow,
Had tranquilized the tide of human woe ;
But the reed shook not, as the spirit passed ;
Its burthen was upon the Saviour cast ;
The tender plant for him its leaves had spread,
And he was ransomed. Faith benignly shed
Its radiance o'er him, and the mourner's woe
Came with the triumph of its dimless glow,
When fading strength departed. And that brow,
With its calm placid paleness, moulders now
Beneath the sod, which, trustingly serene,
In the tranquility of death, had been
Chastened with resignation, which the look
Of martyr-like endurance ne'er forsook,
To think the language of that mild blue eye,
Which, lit with spiritual fervor, high
Raised its aspiring gaze, is ever veiled !
But from its heavenly visions now exhaled
Must all tears be—there where no darkening night
Can gather o'er the Star of Bethlehem's light.
The accents of his sorrow-soothing voice
Can bid no more the desolate rejoice ;

But breathing now the new song which around
The throne is sung, 'mid those who worthy found
To praise the Lamb have been, and who behold
The glory which its promised joys unfold.

And the white tablet gleamed amid the bloom
Of the rose wilderness, which o'er the tomb
Fragrantly blossomed—by that sepulchre
O'er which the fatherless oft wept, with her,
The widowed mother, who so deeply felt
Bereavement's bitterness, but humbly knelt
In meek assurance that the faithful, who
Die in the Lord, are blessed. Mark here the true
And perfect, upright man—observe the just;
His end is peace, won through the holy trust
Mantled beneath the shadow of the Rock
Which led his footsteps forth beside the flock.

Not ought I think to raise your name
In her annals very high.

We were a little band

And wandering forth without much light

I desired some names to send

But breathing now the new song which around
The throne is sung, mid those who worthy stand
To praise the Lamb that bore, and who behold
The glory which its promised joys unfold.

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF A VOLUNTEER CORPS,

Whose wish of being called into "active service" was never gratified.

BRAVE VOLUNTEERS! BRAVE VOLUNTEERS!

Of exploits never known,

Advances with threefold hearty cheers,

Your valorous deeds to man

What have you done for England's cause,

Since England's pay you touch?

Not aught, I think, to raise your name

In her annals very much.

"O! yes, O! yes—on one cold night,

We were a little band,

And wandering forth without moon-light,

Desired some stumps to stand!—

Yes, in the dark, took them for foes,
And thought it very fine
To bid them stand, unless they rose,
To give the countess aid

That's one brave act, we think, to show
That we were not afraid—

In a lone wood to challenge so,
Without a stronger aid !

Another gallant deed achieved

Was up at Contrécarre

Expecting heads to have been chaved

Was nothing to allars.

But bravely these we struggled too,

And really cleared the barge

So that our deeds, though very fair,

Deserve your praise at large

THE INDIAN'S REFUSAL.

An Indian, on being asked if he would sell the burial-place of his ancestors, replied, "Shall I say to the bones of my fathers, 'Arise—and get into a strange land?' "

SHALL I say to the bones of my fathers, "Arise—

To the land of the stranger begone?"

Shall the bright gold have power to scatter their dust,

That the white man may reign here alone?

Yes, here, where the warriors have long laid in peace,

In their soul-haunted valley they rest;

And to them shall I say, "Now arise—now depart—

I have bartered the earth o'er your breast"?

And beneath this sepulchral, this tall ancient tree,

Where often the quiver hath hung,

And the bow hath been bent from beneath its dark shade,

As the moose from the forest hath sprung,

And the young caraboo, in its swift, fleetest course,

From their barbed arrows never could flee.

No. The white man may cherish his glittering gold;

But the graves of my fathers are free;

Where the eagle's long plume in the scalp-lock hath been
By the hands of the warriors undone ;
From the green prairie hills, or the dark solemn woods
Where the blood track their pathway hath won.
Here often around hath the death-song been raised,
And lighted the funeral pile,
Where the chiefs of the nations in tortures were bent,
Their sufferings to meet with a smile.
And here, too, they oft have the calumet wreathed,
In token of peace and of rest,
And the ivy's tough clasp and the bright creeping moss
By the conqueror's footsteps been pressed.
Though the Delaware bands from their ambush are gone,
And their strength from the forest is fled—
Though the war-cry is hushed, yet the voices arise
Which for ages have been with the dead.
No. The free winds of heaven, and dews of the morn,
With the Great Spirit watch o'er their sleep ;
And while the Missouri's proud river shall flow,
Its waves by their green mounds shall sweep—
Then cherish, pale stranger—go, cherish thy gold
For their resting-place here yet shall be.
Whilst the word of the Indian is steadfast and true
The bones of the dead shall be free.

MEMORIALS OF WATERLOO.

On hearing a wish expressed to visit the field of slaughter after reading of the enthusiastic feeling displayed by the brave Irishmen, at that memorable battle, on their "faugh a ballagh" being pronounced.

AND dost thou wish to view the gory field
Where myriad numbers did to courage yield?
But the proud triumph, on the earth hath left
A living trace, from memory ne'er bereft;
And on this plain the thought a record leaves
In the low rustling of the peaceful sheaves,
And the remembrance of the conflict shewn
In the tall poppies darkly tinted red,
Though many clouds have swept and bright suns passed,
Yet these memorials can their strength outlast;
The dew may not the deepened dye efface,
Nor noon-day's radiance fade its crimsoned trace.

O'er where the victors—England's brave and few—
 Enrich the sod of far-famed Waterloo;
 'Tis well to boast of fame and conquest's pride;
 Their brilliant laurels are with grief allied.
 'Mid England's homes, how many tears are shed;
 But none fall o'er the bosom of their dead.
 Here the beloved have nought to mark them, save
 The alien blossoms of a foreign grave.
 Here hath the dauntless Scot in peace been laid,
 Where death had claimed him, grasping still his blade.
 The Clyde's loved torrent may not soothe his sleep,
 Far from the pine trees of his Highland steep.
 The *thistle's* odour may not scent the breeze,
 But can its *glory* pass from such as these?
 And here are Erin's sons, whose shout was borne
 Through the far shadows of the waving corn,
 With its exulting and heart-thrilling cry,
 Urging the brave to conquer or to die;
 With its resistless voice, to lead the charge,
 'Mid rising foes on sure destruction's verge.
 That blood like this, in silent streams must flow,
 Ere victory's sickle can its harvest know.
 Here Prussia's legions, in their noble pride,
 With heaps of foemen, alternate side by side.

Here the imperial eagle's soaring stooped,
Their rustling pinions in the conflict drooped.
Here hath the plunging steed affrighted rushed
Where the life torrents have so freely gushed ;
Here bath the shivered steel and banner torn
Been o'er the rich grain's crushed luxuriance borne ;
Here hath the clarion breathed its loudest tone,
To hush the echo of each plaintive moan ;
Here it hath been that death its work hath done,
And with such desolation, victory won.
Is it for this, then, that the festive hall
Should brightly gleam, and, with the dazzling pall
Of joyous splendor, mock the sable view
The mourners take of glorious Waterloo ?
And hath not woman's heart been faithful here
Even to tempt the helmet and the spear,
To watch one waving plume amid the fight,
And stand undaunted in affection's might ?
Hath she not fallen here, and her light form
Bowed as the fragile lily in the storm.
Too lowly to resist, too frail to bear
The chilling blight of devastation there ?
Thus may the rose its love-like beauty strew
Amid the blood-dyed wreath of Waterloo.

Wellington's records on the *free winds* dwell
Which England's standard clasp ; and, on the swell
Of her *unsullied waves*, responded where
No *stain can* float, to dim the lustre there.
These are the voices which will ever be
The ceaseless echo of his victory,
And its memorials. His the trophied name,
Which must be linked with Britain's dearest fame
Within her bosom's home—her slaveless shore,
Where the oppressed to bondage yield no more—
Must, with its chainless liberty, present
The basis of his deathless monument,
Which must be proudly cherished still by those
Who now beneath the olive's shade repose
His conquest hath secured ; and in the breast
Of mourners who, still weep for those whose rest
Is on the record of the Belgian plain ;
For *glory's shroud enwraps the mighty slain*.
The wreath for them, which Wellington has twined,
Can never be to memory's dust consigned,
But must, with Britain's gratitude, renew
Its freshness from the sods of Waterloo.

THE EMBLEM CALM.

WILT thou come where the low repining stream

Wanders by mournfully,

As on its bosom float the fragments of

The storm-rent willow tree?

Wilt thou come where the ivy is unclasped

From its long faithful hold?

There is a tone from friendship's sacred temple

In these sad murmurings told.

Wilt thou come where the lone pathway is strewn

With crushed and withered flowers,

Which the wind's sway hath wildly broken from

The blossom-rifled bowers?

Wilt thou come where the gloomy cypress boughs

Their silent night-tears weep,

As when the gush of sorrow sinks beneath

Its weariness to sleep?

Wilt thou come where the ocean faintly moans

Along the moss-wreathed shore—

Where the late tempest softly lulled to rest,

Its wave-clasped tribute bore?

Wilt thou come? There a solemn emblem is,

In that calm's hush expressed;

When the sea slumbers, and a heaving swell

Yet agitates its breast.

Is it not like the struggle of that grief—

The strife of human will—

When the Lord's voice hath tranquilized the soul

With His own "Peace—be still!"

THE ONLY SON.

Written on the death of a child four years of age.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it."—*Isaiah xlv. 7.*

He lay

In perfect beauty, and the setting sun

Gleamed on his palid cheek.

As its rays struggled through

The drooping branches of a withering elm, whose leaves

Light shadows o'er him trembled, parted by

The languid breeze, through which the sunlight, with

A fainting smile, looked mournfully upon

The slumberer's early rest. Bright golden curls,

Heavy with death dew, hung upon his brow,

And his fair hands were clasped. Luxuriant flowers

A joyless offering laid upon his shroud,

Wet with the morning's tears. Death's icy touch

On the pale monument of faded life,
With its chill coldness, had preserved the hue
Of those frail emblems. He who rifles from
The roseate cheek its tinge, and bears away
The loveliest blossoms to his flowerless home,
Whose beauty is untouched, where wasting strength
Hath not yet thrown its shadow. But the grass
Must wither, and the tenderest flower fade,
When the Lord's spirit passeth o'er its bloom.
His parted lips were vermeil with the hue
Of smiling health, and his soft brown eyes, veiled
With their long lashes, seemed as if the dreams
Of transient sleep had their dark heavy fringe
Lulled there in weariness. His stilled repose
Was not of those who dream. The soul-deserted shrine
Hath no bright vision to illumine its deep
Eternal trance. No mournful voice hath power
To waken such. And he—the only son—
The cherished of his mother—for the grave
Laid there! She, in wild anguish, knelt;
And his sweet sisters, from her faded cheek,
Kissed the sad tears away. He felt them not—
He who was ever wont to look upon
That mother with such mute affection when

Her smile had vanished.
 Thus the morning cloud
 Had passed away in dew, e'er wafted hence
 On the storm's bosom.
 Thus the tender bough
 Had borne the green leaves in its sapless stem
 Down to the earth again, to be renewed
 With brighter verdure;
 For the flower must fade
 And languish suddenly away, because
 The Spirit of the Lord upon it bloweth, and
 It must depart, as fleeting shadows o'er
 The dust continue not! But they will rise
 Fresh from the winter of the tomb, to dwell
 In fadeless glory and eternal bloom.

THE MEETING

And hath mine eye looked once more on

The idol of each thought—

On him who hath so recklessly

My heart with anguish fraught?

Mine ear hath once more heard the sound

Of his melodious voice,

Whose silvery accents bid me with

Their faintest tones rejoice.

My hand hath once more felt the touch

With deep and earnest pain;

For, coldly, heartlessly bestowed,

I cannot tears restrain.

I have looked upon him, to awake

Each feeling most acute;

And, with my smiles, affect that joy

Which must for be mute,

I will not perish as the flower

Declines in evening's gloom,

But in the sunshine of his smiles,

Droop slowly to the tomb.

The cankered leaves shall not decay,

As withering one by one :

I will sustain the crushing blight,

Nor yet his presence shun.

How weakly vain it is to breathe

The language of the heart

To such as reck not of the strength

Its deep drawn words impart.

Vain is the sorrow which is wrung

From woman's faithful trust ;

And vain the tears she sheds upon

A blossom's scattered dust.

Vain is the firm reliance which

On plighted vows we place,

For we, in many a mournful eye,

A death-lit radiance trace.

Vain is the grief which rifles from

The fading cheek its bloom,

Until it blights the flower with

The shadow of the tomb.

SUNSET ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BRIGHT in its glory sinks the setting sun,
Flinging its beams of lingering gladness o'er
The spring's creation; and the blue free waves
Of the proud mighty river now reflect upon
Their unchained bosom's deep and restless tide
The sunset's splendor; but they mingle not
With the pale current of the kindred stream:
An alien by its side, though there the veil
Of twilight seems with gentlest shade to fall.
The pining brooklets, down the tender green
Of the low banks descend, contending with
The fragments of the fragile boughs, which had
With the pure showers of gem-like frost been borne
Down as a tribute to the gushing rill
Which o'er it murmurs; and the violet's hue
Tinges the bubbling fount. The low pine branches seem
To fringe the darkened waves. The drooping elms,

In verdure budding, as a softening fringe
 Rise o'er the sullen gloom which hath changed not,
 Even beneath the winter's dreary sway,
 But spread its foliage o'er the silent snow.
 Now the rich tints of sunset deepen o'er
 The grand expansive river, as it widens to
 The gleaming lake, o'er which the ambient clouds
 In varying beauty float, resplendent with
 The parting sun-beam's radiance, which the mist
 Of streak-suffusing vapor blendeth with
 Its golden lustre; and the distant chain
 Of high blue mountains mingle as a trace
 Of something visioned in the far dim clouds.
 The silvery crescent, which now seemeth like
 A faint, neglected, melancholy stream
 Of pale forgotten light, unnoticed in
 Its placid stillness as we gaze upon
 The sunset's splendor, as the lofty spire
 Still glitters in its farewell gleam above
 The fir-trees' heavy mass, their tranquil boughs
 Are waving in the mantling purple's glow
 Now distant echoes sweetly break upon
 The fervent tribute of reflective thought
 To the Almighty offered 'mid His works

Sublimely beautiful. Oh! what a thrill
Is that which rises when the heart is poured
As an oblation, in the bosoms of
The solemn wilderness. Who there can kneel
In hushed devotion's worship, and then gaze
And listen, and not feel the strength
Of His creative arm?—not see it on
The forest's lowliest blossoms? and not hear
It in the strains of evening melody
The joyous wild-bird's warble? and not trace
It on each wave of this proud river's tide,
As it majestically floats between
The mantle of its woods? The echoing song
Now gaily answers to the measured time
Of the awakening oar. The bark canoe's light trace
Fades o'er the water's breast; the deep-toned bell
Chimes forth the Angelus, which fainteth on
The wave's repose. And now the brightening moon,
Serene in her calm glory, looketh on
The darkening shades. Her pensive tranquil rays
Silver the snowy sails, whose bosoms quiver in
The rustling breeze which urges on its course
Yon tall and noble ship, which o'er the path
Of ocean's foam hath traced her lonely way

From England's home. I hear the welcome sound
Of England's accents swell upon mine ear,
And wake a rapturous feeling, as I gaze
Upon her now, as in the lucid stream
Her graceful shadow seems combined, as twilight stars
Reflect their trembling radiance, and the mist
Of deepening gloom envelopes with its haze, and, in
The hush of sweet repose, oblivion's rest is sought.

THINE—ONLY THINE!

In the still hour of night,

When thought is mine—

In sleep's passing visions,

Thine—only thine!

When the cold pale moon-beams

Pensively shine,

In the dim twilight hush,

Thine—only thine!

In the gay lighted hall,

Where throngs combine ;

In the sad lonely hour,

Thine—only thine!

When music's voice breathes like

A spell divine,

And thrills the changeless heart,
Thine—only thine!

When pleasure's brightest flowers
Around me twine;

In darkest solitude,

Thine—only thine!

When tears of sorrow fall,

And hopes decline,

My lip repeats the vow,

"Thine—only thine!"

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THE DEPARTURE.

On a Missionary Clergyman leaving Canada, to return to his native land.

"Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock."—*Song of Solomon*, i. 8.

MUST then the laborer in the vineyard go
Forth from the flock who with such heartfelt woe
Learn his departure. Never to return
To dwell with those who for him long will yearn !
But thou art called from hence. Thine is the fate
Which must from all of earth thus separate—
Thine is the labor which must count for nought
All save Christ Jesus. In and through Him sought,
The halo of thy path, salvation's ray,
Through shades of sorrow, can illumine thy way.

The offering of the new-created heart,
Through God's dear Son, its tribute to impart.
Thine is the treasure which the moth and rust
Cannot corrupt, and thine the hallowed trust
In faith abiding, sanctified and blessed.
Thine is the struggle for immortal rest.
But never to return. Oh ! there is aught
Of touching sadness with that farewell fraught ;
But it is self — it should not be so —
Thy native land recalls thee. Soon the flow
Of the blue western waves will bear thee hence
On their swift shadowy bosom's current, whence
No parting sound will breathe a thrilling tone
Of the far forest land. The ocean moan
Will then beside thee murmur, and the deep
Curl its white billows with a mournful sweep,
Till thou art wafted to the flowery sod,
Where thy first prayer ascended to thy God,
And thy young voice was lifted in the praise
Of thine Almighty Father. And thy gaze
Will dwell upon thy childhood's home once more ;
And thy dear brother's welcome smile restore ;
And thy fair beauteous land of wild romance
Will meet the rapture of thy kindling glance,

Which with impassioned fervor will remain,
Till each remembrance wanders back again
To wakening memory ; and the magic dreams
Of old forgotten legends o'er the stream's
Soft, silvery, rippling float. Their radiant waves
Trace the memorials of the heroes' graves,
By which their melancholy music pines,
And in its tributary echo finds
The mossy shore, where Ossian's harp was strung,
And his sweet lays to Erin's free winds sung
Of Fingal's battles and the sea-king's might,
And of the warriors whom unequal fight
Had laid in Morven's vallies, or the grief
Which mourned so long o'er Atha's car-borne chief,
When phantom visioned clouds moved in the train
Of war red meteors in the pale moon's wane.
And thou wilt view the young and slender trees
Which in thy boyhood bent to every breeze,
But now with dark majestic foliage rise,
To shade the azure of the brilliant skies,
Which, in their blue and sunny brightness, smile
O'er the rich scenery of thy native isle.
Voices of parted hours once more will come
Upon thine ear in gladness from thy home.

"Erin-go-bragh," with its impassioned tone,
Will wake the fervor which can but be known
In her own silent vallies, where the flow
Of her clear waves reflect the earliest glow
Of sun-rise from the ocean's bosom, and
Where ancient ruins rise sublimely grand,
With lofty shadows, as they struggle through
The stately trees, whose gloomy avenue
With gentle ring-doves' notes a music wakes
As low as when the lulling wind forsakes
The blighted bough.

Now o'er the summer sea
May freshening gales awaken playfully,
And float amid thy sail's white bosoms ; and
May every blessing bear thee to the land
Of thine inheritance ; and may the Lord
All thou wouldst ask of Him, to thee accord ;
May the Redeeming Spirit ever be
With peace and mercy's radiant light with thee ;
And may the love of Jesus with the grace
Through Him obtained, make every resting place
A joyous home to thee. Now, fare thee well !
Though lingering sadness will around us dwell—
Though many tears at thy departure flow—
Yet, laborer in the Saviour's vineyard, go.

THE MORNING WATCH.

Originating from a scene in "Peter Simple."

THE midnight hour had long since past,
The weary darkness gone,
And a sentry from his lonely post
Looked out for rosy dawn,
When came advancing leisurely
A small procession there,
He brought his arm down to the charge,
Demanding "Who goes there?"
"Friend—friend," replied a tremulous voice,
As faltering with wine,
And one bent forth, as if he would
Have breathed the countersign.
But "Who goes there?" the soldier asked
Impatiently once more,
"An officer, fu'—an officer fu'—
Fu'—yes—fu'—on a door."
The soldier gazed with eagerness
Upon the officer,
And then with archness said, "All's well—
Pass, *officer fu' on a door.*"

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

The rose of Jericho is highly valued in many parts of Switzerland, on account of the prophetic properties it is supposed to possess on Christmas eve. When this solemn evening has arrived, the flower is taken from where it had been carefully deposited, and is put into cold water; the father of the family reads that beautiful passage, commencing with "Thou who for us wast crucified, have mercy upon us." It is during the reading of the Litany that the flower is expected to bloom: and in proportion as it expands itself, and seems to drink in nourishment from the water, and awake to natural life and vigor, is its augury deemed propitious.—*From the German of J. Bauman.*

IN Switzerland's romantic vallies, where
The fragrant wreaths of Alpine roses wear
Luxuriant blossoms, while the mountain's height
Rears the unsullied festoons of its white
And mutely gathering glacier rifted snows,
Which lull each echo on their still repose,
Where the swift chamois fearlessly hath past
O'er the deep chasm, where the drifting blast
Hath shook the avalanche, and, with its speed,
The eddying torrent from the slumber freed

Of its hushed ice-spell. While the shadowy vine,
With its green clusters, and the warm sunshine,
Dwell in the valley, and the golden grain
Bends to the reaper's sickle, while the rain
Swells the young leaves whose tender buds beside
The tall hills droop, and where the clefts divide,
The soaring eaglets rest ; the slumbering stream
Offers it gem-like tears with rainbow gleam,
While through the pastoral verdure of the low
And sheltered plain, there glides the gentle flow
Of lucid rills beside the beechen tree,
Where swells the song of peasant liberty
Free from oppression, and the pealing horn
May on the wind's mysterious voice be borne,
To wake the torrent and the sweeping flood,
For which the streams of freedom's martyred blood
Have been so lavished ; where the patriot, Tell,
Hath victory echoed, even through the dell
Of the pale snow-rift. Now upon the sod
The worshippers can kneel unto their God
In sacred peace ; and no wild clarion may
The holy sacrifice of prayer delay
With its shrill tones of war ; its stirring blast
Hath died away, and now the white Alps cast

Their shadows on the free. The mountain lake
Hath no faint, low-breathed whisper to forsake
The woods beside it now. The leaves are thrilled
With joyous liberty. The vineyards filled
With pleasing strains of mirth. Tyrannic power
Stills not the gladness of the twilight hour.
When the red grapes are pressed or corn sheaves bound
The vintage song floats fearlessly around ;
For they are free. Oh ! what a magic lays
In those deep words—a mighty strength to raise—
Yes, even from the dust a voice to say,
“ Rejoice, ye ransomed ; in your freedom pray !
And cull the blossoms which may not be trod
By despot steps, as offerings from the sod
Which bears the symbol of the Saviour’s cross,
With peaceful shadow on its flowering moss.”
Here doth the rose of Jericho renew
The faded paleness of its withered hue,
As when it in its early beauty smiled,
And at the vigil, when the Holy Child
Lo, unto us was born—when angels sung,
And Bethlehem’s plain with heavenly tidings rung
When joy to man was brought, devoutly then
The rose is placed in freshening moisture, when

Religion's sacred rite commences, and
Its sybil leaves of prophecy expand
Into auspicious bloom. Then is the prayer
Sincerely offered from each bosom there—

“Lord in thy tender mercy hear
Devotion offered thus.

Thou who for us wast crucified,
Have mercy upon us.

Jesus, have mercy. Thou who didst implore
Thy Father to remove the cup, and o'er
Its bitterness was bowed—Thou who didst gain
From heaven thy strength, with us, oh ! Lord, remain.
Oh ! Lamb of God, Thou who didst take away
All sin and darkness, teach us how to pray.
Oh ! Thou, whose brow was with large blood drops wet
Of agony intense, blessed Saviour, let
Thine anguish come before us in the hour
When death approaches, that beneath its power
We may not sleep in weary heaviness,
But look to Thee for aid. Oh ! Christ impress
Thine image on us then. Thou who dost bind
The bruised reed, let us Thy mercy find.
Thou who didst heal the wounded in the path
Which led Thee to Thy cross, oh ! heal what hath

Been offered unto Thee. Oh ! Jesus save
Us from the sting, the victory of the grave.

Lord, in thy tender mercy hear

Devotion offered thus.

Thou, who for us wast crucified,

Have mercy upon us."

And the bright flowers invigorated bloom,
Revived in beauty from its transient tomb,
And the green leaves expanded in the flow
Of the refreshing water ; and its glow
Wore its rich summer tint. Its prophecy
Was then fulfilled, and from each gazing eye
It was removed. That fair auspicious rose
Was once more folded in unseen repose.

THE WISH.

Is thine affection yet for me,
My loved—my cherished one,
That thou didst shed a parting tear,
And wept when I was gone?
But waste thou not thine early tears—
They may not aught restore :
In the loved circle of thy home
I hold a place no more.

Soon will the soft spring breezes play
The linden leaves among.
How oft have we, beneath its shade,
With heart-tuned gladness sung.
But the dim evening's solemn hush
May not my voice restore :
In the loved circle of thy home
I hold a place no more.

And, oh ! how oft doth memory seek
Each past thought to renew
Of those sweet hours we've spent beneath
The moon-lit avenue,
And dear remembrance of the look
Which all of gladness wore ;
But in the circle of thy home
I hold a place no more.

The world hath charms, but not for me—
Mine is a deeper tie,
Which binds me to each treasured thought
Of hours which are gone by.
But time will bring its peace for me,
And all I ask restore—
In the loved circle of thy home
To hold a place once more.

THINK OF ME.

THINK, think of me, when through gay halls thou rovest,
When other fingers wake the chords thou lovest,
Then, in sweet fancy, wilt thou think thou hearest
The sad-toned voice, to memory's dream the dearest?
Think, think of me, when the bright moon-beam shineth,
And in its light the evening star declineth,
When nought around thy heavy sigh repeateth,
And fancied forms thy musing spirit meeteth.
Think, think of me, when voiceless prayer ascendeth,
For the lone heart whose silent sorrow blendeth,
When flattering hope its cherished smile delayeth,
And when affection's fairest bloom decayeth.
Think, think of me, when woe its pang imparteth,
And, like a shadow, fleeting joy departeth—
When all around the tint of sadness blighteth,
And with allurements grief alone uniteth.
Think, think of me, when every pleasure fadeth,
And memory's voice in solitude upbraideth,
For the forsaken, who no longer weepeth,
But in the grave in still oblivion sleepeth.

WHERE IS MY REST ?

WHERE is my rest?—oh ! where may I recline
My weary head, and say, " Yes, this is mine" ?
The forest dove sleeps in her downy nest,
But earth for me hath no congenial rest.
Where is my home?—oh ! where may I repose,
When the dim flowers at heavy night-fall close ?
The dew-drop hath a home within their breast ;
But where may I in folded slumber rest ?
Where is my home ? The faded rose-leaves strewn
By the chill autumn's voice, are wafted soon
Unto their refuge, and in shelter pressed
Beneath the mould. But, oh ! where is my rest ?
There soon will be my home, *I there* shall lay
In sweet forgetfulness—my kindred clay
Will not refuse me its sepulchral rest—
The *grave* will take the *alien* to her breast.
And from that dim oblivion to awake
There is a strength which never will forsake
Those who rely upon that promise—Blessed
Are they that mourn, for they shall have their rest.

THE NEGLECTED.

DEAR mother, see I twine the wreaths
Of thine own favorite vine ;
But thou hast looks for other eyes,
Which never beam on mine.
And while my sisters play beneath
The drooping willow tree,
And my brothers by the silvery stream
Am I not then with thee?
When by the minstrel's voice is poured
The melody of song,
Or when they glide amid the crowd
The festive hall which throng,
Then, dearest mother, then thine eye
Dwells on them through the dance,
With the unwearied tenderness
Of thine enraptured glance.
But not one lone fond look hast thou
To lavish upon me,

When in mute eagerness I watch
For aught of love from thee.
And, mother, see, thy sweet ringdoves
My lowest accents know,
And thy canary's gentle strains
Will at my bidding flow.
Thy cherished rose-trees' tender buds
Expand in lingering bloom ;
I bear away each drooping flower
When blight hath wrought its doom.
Then, mother, fold me in thine arms,
And clasp me to thy breast,
And let thy youngest on thy heart
In kind affection rest,
As do the beautiful, the fair,
The eldest and the bright.
I've been a stranger yet unto
The deep untold delight
Of sinking there upon that home,
Of childhood's earliest love,
And I have with the pining grief
Of secret sorrow strove,
But now thy cheek is pale and wan
And care is on thy brow ;

And with affection's vigil I
Will seek to cheer thee now.
Say, doth it pain thee that thy loved
Thy cherished so depart,
And leave thy lone neglected one
A comfort to impart—
To bring that tribute which in *tears*
Can never be effaced,
Nor in *allurement's brightest smiles*
Its fading strength be traced?
When in the hour of worship thou
Didst teach me how to pray,
One thought unuttered on my lips
Hath ever died away—
That thou wouldst love me yet as those
Who there beside me knelt,
And only Him who was implored
Knew what my spirit felt.
But let me kiss those drops away,
Which roll adown thy cheek ;
Forgive me, mother, that I dare
Long stifled thoughts to speak.
But I beheld thee weep, and deemed
I might the struggle calm,

And pour into the mother's wounds

Her child's affection's balm.

And thou dost clasp me to thine arms,

And fold me to thy breast,

And welcome me with tenderness

Upon its warmth to rest.

Thou dost the kindest kiss bestow

My lips have ever met.

Oh! one such kiss rewards me for

The depth of my regret.

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LIFE.

Oh ! what is life ?—it hath no joy for me :

I would that I were mouldering in the dust

With the forgotten dead.

Say, what is life, when wearied of its pain,

When the heart feels unmixed unchanging woe

Silently feeding on its blighted hopes ?

Then, what is life ?

Say, what is life, when it hath nought to win

From kindred ties—when it is spared no gift

From lone affection—when the withering heart

Shrinks from itself ?

Oh ! tell me not that there is hope for all ;

For I have none : it floats not o'er my thoughts.

But misery is mine—yes, earnest misery

And torturing grief.

Tears are for me—unmarked, unpitied tears ;

For in the bitterest anguish do I weep,

Till in the utter weariness of life,

I would depart.

Then what hath life but its o'erwhelming grief,

That thou shouldst bid me live for future hours,

And with submissive silence linger for
Fate's future joys :

Is it to mock me ? For the desolate

What is there here ? or hath the grave a smile

To offer from its darkness ? No—oh ! no—

It cannot be.

Why wouldst thou bind me with the fettering chain

Of wretched nopelessness ? But I awake—

The mist falls from mine eyes—I live not for

What once was mine.

I live to praise, to glorify the God,

The Father of all mercies, who ordained

That this should be, and who hath given strength

To bear His will.

And should I not be grateful that I live

To praise Him *now* ? to glorify through tears

And through affliction, if to sanctify

The *way* to Him.

Oh ! what is grief, when He who bindeth up

The sheaves within His bosom is the stay

On which we lean ? if He who gently leads

His *lambs* is then our guide ?

Then what is life ? It is to serve that God

Who gave the being to return to Him.

To worship—to adore—and to resign

All unto Him.

THE SISTER'S BIER.

Written on the melancholy occurrence of the same bier which in the morning bore across the St. Lawrence, for interment, the corpse of a lovely girl of three years, in the evening bearing that of her infant brother.

"Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead.—*Isaiah xxi. 19.*

THE morning sunlight's earliest beam reposed
Upon a lovely blossom, which had closed
Its leaves in bright eternity. She lay
Decked for the dark grave's perishing decay.
The tranquil shadow of her parted hair
Now waved not with the mother's offered prayer ;
For the freed spirit had returned to God—
The slumberer there lay shrouded for the sod—
Earth asked its own again.

The gleaming lid
Covered that face whose seraph sweetness bid

Angelic visions soothingly pervade
The mourner's grief, who languished in the shade
Of such affliction's dimness, of the love
Which called such to their perfect rest above.
But the last parting came. The white fringed pall,
On the breeze slowly fluttered. What a call
Hath this on tears! The dull, deep sounding oar,
As the light bark its sable tribute bore
O'er the blue waters, with a muffled tone
Seemed from the waves to wake a funeral moan.

The evening mist rose faintly and the gleam
Of crimsoned sunset shed a parting beam
Once more upon the dead. Its orient ray
Had dawned on one then mantled in the clay
Which *shrouds mortality*. Now o'er the rest
Of the young sleeper, on whose gentle breast
The *summer wind had breathed not*, and whose eye
Had gazed not yet upon the azure sky—
An infant flower whose ephemeral bloom
Had but expanded for its early tomb.
The tender branch which had been grafted in
The vine, whose *nurture* had sufficed to win
Its deathless verdure in that region where
No blight can linger on the blossoms there.

A fragile reed broke ere it had been bruised—
A rescued dove ere tears had been infused
Into the cup of sorrow. Ransomed here
He laid upon the wreath-encircled bier
On which his sister had reposed, which yet
Was with the trace of recent anguish wet.
And in the grave where the fresh, new turned sod
Had not yet been by mourner's footstep trod,
They sought a resting place for him whose spring
Had faded thus e'er cankered by the sting
Of sin and suffering. Let our thanks be poured
Unto our God, for victory, through the Lord
Christ Jesus, who the dwellers of the dust
Awake to Him in an immortal trust.
The tender dew of His bright mercy hath
Laid on the silence of the grave's dark path.

T. S. Lath

THE STEP-MOTHER.

A CHINESE TALE.

In the reign of Sweng Vang, the guards of a castle found a man lying in a field who appeared to have been recently murdered. At a little distance, they found two brothers, whom they took into custody, as the probable murderers. As, however, the deceased had but one wound, which consequently gave rise to a surmise of but one perpetrator, the question arose which had done the deed. Both the brothers were steadfast in not accusing the other,—each declaring he was the assassin. The case was brought before the king. "To grant life to both," said the king, "would be to show mercy to one murderer: to have both executed, where only one can be guilty, would be cruel and against the law. Well, then, let the mother be called, and her decision be taken, for she knows her children best." So said—so done: the mother was informed of the king's command. "If," said the poor woman, bursting into tears, "I am compelled to choose, let the eldest live." The king expressed his great surprise that the mother should not have chosen the youngest, for the youngest are generally cherished the most by mothers. "Yes," said she, "he whose life I now save is not mine own offspring, but a son of my late husband's by his former marriage. I solemnly promised his father to treat him as my own son, and until now I have kept my word. I should now break my promise, where I, from maternal tenderness, to save the life of my youngest, to the detriment of the other. I feel that this sacrifice costs my heart." Cries and sobs here choked her utterance. The king pardoned them both.

AMID the whispering rice

The victim laid. A coldness, as of ice,

Was on his brow. The gentle winds which swayed

The murmurs of the tall banana's shade

Fanned his pale cheek on which the faded hue
Might not revive, though evening's heavy dew
Bathed it with moisture, and the ocean wave
The proud Pacific's water brought to lave
Him with its freshness. But the weary strife
For him had ceased, for he had passed from life !
The long palm leaves might their luxuriance shed
O'er the still slumber of the lonely dead ;
And the blue Kiam might its tribute bring
From the far fountain of its desert spring.
To sound the requiem dirge for him whose tomb
Had not been raised,* and whose untimely doom
Had, like the blast borne in a calm lulled hour,
Come with the influence of the simoon's power,
Ere the hushed waste received the warning sign,
When its dim sands through crimson hazes shine,
And the tall cocoa's high arched clusters throw
Their lofty shadows o'er the fervid glow
Ere its voice bends them. So had he been crushed
Down to the earth, and then so swiftly gushed
The ebbing stream, that his faint spirit passed
Ere the dark plantain boughs had nightdrops cast

* It is the custom in China to raise the tomb previous to dissolution.

From their dim foliage. Where the murderer no,
Who had thus laid him there? His placid brow
Remained unruffled and unchanged, for two
Fond brothers there had lingered. *Grief may strew*
Some transient roses, o'er its depth of woe
With momentary smiles; but what bestow
Peace on the murderer? What can tranquilize
The strength of his o'erwhelming agonies?
How can the gaze of such embittered guilt
Dwell calmly on the blood which it hath spilt?
But they stood there, and sought not to evade
The avenging hand upon them justly laid;
But each himself accused, and firmly in
Affection's bond strove mutually to win
Suspicion's darkest vengeance. "Lay not low
My gentle brother—he gave not the blow:
Let me the sufferer be. Revenge demands
That life for life should answer, and my hands
Are those which were in fatal haste imbrued
In the warm vital stream. I, yes, I viewed
His writhing form when quivering anguish threw
The coldness of the life forsaken hue."
"Oh! no, unbind *him*, for it is not so:
I am the blood-stained. Let, then, let *him* go."

This was the might of strong fraternal love—

This was affection, even death above.

“To take the life of both,” exclaimed the king,

“Were with determined cruelty to bring

Death unto one unjustly; and to give

Mercy to both, would bid a murderer live.

Seek ye their mother. She who closely twined

Their fate with hers can surer judgment find—

She who hath trained them, must the influence know

Which rage would hold o'er reason's ebbing flow.”

And that unhappy mother was then brought

Though the despair of frenzied anguish wrought

A conflict which no language can express

From the deep fount of utter wretchedness.

With bursting sobs she faltered her reply—

“If I must choose, then, let the youngest die.”

“And why so?” asked the monarch. “He whose rest

Was lulled upon thy newly-widowed breast—

He who hath kissed thy tears of grief away,

And ne'er forsook thee, when the transient ray

Of happiness was gone—he who hath clung

Alone to thee, and cheered thee with his young

And passionate affection—why dost thou

Resolve to fling the dust upon *his* brow?”

“That *he* is mine,” she bitterly replied,
“My only one—for I have nought beside.
The eldest is not mine : he was the child
Of him whose tomb is closed—the first who smiled
Upon his father’s face, who, when the thought
Of death came o’er him, mournfully besought
My anxious care for him. It lingered on
His spirit’s fading dreams, that with my son
He would not share my love. I breathed the vow
Which hath been kept most faithfully till now ;
But, were my lips to doom *him* thus to die,
And on the judgment of my love rely,
Maternal fondness would then triumph o’er
The sacred promise I intently swore.
No, let him live, and let his father rest
In the dark earth, with his sad last request
As yet fulfilled.” Here utterance was denied
With gushing tears. How fearfully was tried—
How nobly was sustained—the rigid part,
Assigning to herself a broken heart,
Sooner than break a promise which the grave
Held in its bosom, her own child to save !
The king gazed on her, and then mildly said,
“Thou hast done well, and mercy sends thee aid.

Thy sons are pardoned ! may they ever live
As if they prized the blessing which I give.
Take back the eldest of thy husband's line,
For thou hast ransomed *him* by offering *thine*.
Take back the youngest of thy bosom's love.
Go to repose ; for as the frightened dove
Seeks for its rest, so thy o'erburthened heart
Will find it solace with its tears to part."

The evening beauty of the starlit sky
Gleamed on the bright pagoda, which the high
And aromatic shrubs embowered. The breeze
Shook the myrrh fragrance from the balmy trees,
When that rejoicing mother, in the shade
Of her low cabin home, once more surveyed
Her rescued sons. Is not a mother's breast
A refuge for the weary and oppressed ?
Hath it not tenderness to welcome back
The scorned of all beside, upon whose track
Dwells the reproach of ignominious fate ?
And mercy there contrition will await
Through long succeeding years. A mother's breast !
Oh ! what a home is that for gentle rest !
And there the brothers gratefully reclined,
On that fond bosom where such love was shrined.

THE LONE CANARY.

On losing a canary, which had been received as a gift three days before, having
previously pined for its mate.

My gentle mourner, didst thou pine ?
My sweet canary bird,
Didst thou regret that thou hadst been
From happier care transferred ?

Didst thou remember that his voice
Had lighter tones than mine,
Whose pleasing song responded to
The chirruping of thine ?

Or didst thou grieve to be removed
From that tall myrtle tree,
Which, like a bower of foliage, spread
Its glossy leaves o'er thee ?

Or didst thou mourn for him, whose strain
Thy tender bosom thrilled,
With that sweet melody which is
In death's own silence stilled.

The secret spring which bade thee pine
For that remembered tone,
Hath lingered with thee, till thou hast
With sorrow sought thine own.

THE FUNERAL

OF A VOLUNTEER OFFICER,

Interred by the 66th Regt.

THERE was a sound of woe, which seemed to waste
Away the soul from which its anguish traced
Its struggling agony. Oh ! it was one
Of earth's most desolate, by whom that tone
Of stifling grief was uttered. She might shed
Sad, bitter tears, for they were for the dead—
The idol who the all of earth combined
In the lone heart's deep sanctuary shrined.
But, oh ! can pictured woe, can language dwell
On sorrow such as hers ? The cold dew fell
From his pale brow ; the dim and settled glaze
Obscured the brightness of his loving gaze
Ere the truth dawned upon the one whose eye
Had traced each suffering—who had lingered by

His couch with ceaseless vigil. When he pressed
His white lips on her own, and faintly blessed
Her he was soon to leave—and when his head
Rested in failing strength—and when the dead
Motionless lay, unfolding not the grasp
Entwined so closely in its living clasp—
When the dark eyes closed on that agonized
And intense look, which in life idolized
Had ever been—oh ! then, Almighty God,
Then was the strife to kiss Thy chastening rod.
But the sweet lovely smile still lingered o'er
The placid features, which in life they wore,
As if his spirit was accepted, and
Had sent its token from the future land ;
For with the name of Jesus his last breath
Had floated calmly through the vale of death.

Pausing, and heavily, those footsteps fall,
Which bear away the cherished dead ; the pall
Was thrown with melancholy rustling o'er
The gleaming coffin, and the sword he wore
Laid on the sable folds. This is the hour
Of trying conflict, and the heart-wrung power
Of blighting anguish ; and the mourner who
The utter misery of that moment knew—

Without one earthly hope ; for she had been
Affianced unto sorrow, and had seen
A mother's love laid in the silent grave
Of her far home, where Albion's oak-trees wave ;
And sisters' sweet affection, and the care
Of one dear brother, left to moulder there.
A stranger in a land where not one tie
Of kindred dwelt to blend in sympathy.
She had no infant's kiss, with its soft balm
The mighty struggling of her soul to calm.
But leave her to her tears, and to her God :
She with him soon will rest beneath the sod.

Slowly and plaintively the requiem floats,
Mournfully solemn are the funeral notes,
As the sad dirge's spirit grieving swell
With the deep clarion and the parting knell.
Their voices mingle, and the heavy snow
Wafts o'er its breast the dull drum's muffled woe,
Lulled on the wind. The deep, impressive tone
Of manhood's grief was there. Not, not alone
Was the bereaved one's sob : in the array
Of glittering arms and honor's pageantry,
The warrior's tear-drop fell ; for he had been

The soother of affliction, where might lean,
In refuge, the oppressed.

The orphan's cry
And widow's moan would pass unanswered by
His silent tomb ; and when the dark damp mould
Fell on the sounding lid, then utterance told
Of sorrow till then hushed. Who may not weep
To give such to the earth ? Who may not keep
Record of such, and from the grave's lone place
Recal a thought its shade can ne'er efface ?
And many wept ; and well might they lament,
Deeply and faithfully. Companions bent
In bitter grief. But there were other tears—
Not shed by friendship which the love of years
Had fondly bound, nor gratitude's first claim—
No, they were alien tears ; for foemen came
To weep around his burial place in woe.
Should foemen mourn to see the brave laid low ?—
To view the bright sword glittering o'er the breast
Of the unconscious dead, borne to his rest
By England's sons—the soldier's tribute paid
By that proud legion who the war-worn blade
Had ever sheathed in glory, and whose place
May well be known amid the burial trace

Of the renowned and mighty, who have sent
Up from their dust a deathless monument—
And these his martial bier supported ; yet
The vanquished shed the tribute of regret.

Hush ! bugle notes : the requiem hath been sung.
Float on, bright banner ! thy folds have been flung
To the sepulchral breeze. With heavy tread,
Companions, leave the mansions of the dead.
Foemen, depart. The earth lays o'er his breast,
The early dew hath soft tears for his rest.

Wave, dark pines, wave, with gloomy murmuring wave
O'er the sad stillness of the new-made grave.
Mourner, look up, and gaze not on the sod,
But be, in faith, submissive to thy God.

THE MOURNER'S CONSOLATION.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matthew xi. 28.*

WEEP, mourner, weep—yes, shed thy bitter tears.
While from its fount the torrent gusheth free,
The Saviour's pity thy lone anguish cheers.
Will He not still thy weary agony?
Hast thou not cause for tears, bereaved one?
Where are the ties that thee to earth may chain?
Where—where is he thy love was poured upon?
The dust hath taken back its dust again.
Hast thou not seen the tomb its shadowy wings
Unfold o'er all of thine, and claim for death
Those sorrow-undefiled, those sinless thine
Whose life had perished in their first-drawn breath?
Yes, mourner, weep. Thine are the tears of anguish—
The gush of feelings deeply agonized—

The intense love, whose fervor may not languish,
Though by the dead its strength cannot be prized.
Weep, mourner, weep, that he hath been the shrine
Of thy lone heart's first worship. Now the sod
Lays o'er the idol thou didst think was thine.
Hath he not stood between thee and thy God ?
Weep, mourner, weep. Yet thou art not alone :
There is a strength thy grief to sanctify.
Though from this earth thy joy of life is gone,
Yet sure the arm affliction to defy.
Where is the Saviour ? Is He not for thee ?
Hath He not borne our sorrows ? and canst thou
Not cast on Him thy burthen ? Doth not He
To the faint soul give rest ? The reed must bow
When He hath bruised it ; but He will not strike
The broken spirit, when the hope is given
Of peace through Him. Then, wherefore mourn so like
A spirit exiled from the joys of Heaven ?
Weep, mourner, weep ; but let thy sorrow be
The early mist which mercy's radiance cheers,
That 'mid the gathered sheaves thy place may be
Joyfully reaped, for thou hast sown in tears.

FAREWELL TO MY HOME.

FAREWELL ! my home. I entered thee a bride ;
And now I leave thee with a spirit tried
By overpowering grief. Oh ! thou hast been
A joyous home of love ; and I have seen
All my life's smiles in thee. And well may yearn
My bursting heart, for I can ne'er return,
Under the shadow of thy porch to dwell.
Oh ! thou wert mine in joy ; but now farewell !
Surely the flowers I cherished will now droop,
And my tall elm's o'ershadowing branches stoop
Down to the earth : their buds will not expand
With the cold nurture of a stranger's hand ;
And the sweet music, by my young birds sung,
The green geranium's fragrant leaves among,
Is gone from thee. Well, well mayst thou be prized,
For in thy bosom I have realized

The fairest dreams of hope. But I must go
From thy loved roof—a wanderer. Who can know
The changes of one moment? But the chain
Of fond affection cannot link again
The broken fetters held by memory now,
Of the devoted tenderness which thou
Hast ever treasured. It is gone from thee,
For my heart's idol Heaven hath claimed from me.
I leave thee now, a lone, deserted shrine,
And all within thee changed. What once was mine,
Is not mine now. The step that oft hath pressed
Thy peaceful threshold, is gone to the rest
Of the deep, quiet grave; and that sweet smile
Which brightened all with hope, and could exile
Aught of earth's doubting fear, is from thy hearth
For ever vanished; and our household mirth
From thee hath passed. Now other voices sing
Our songs of parted hours. How can I cling
To a strange home? I, like the drooping vine
Which o'er thee I first trained, neglected pine
In grief's still loneliness, round thee—my home.
Oh! there is one who hath his in the tomb,
But mine I have not yet.

My wasting heart

In the cold silence of his grave hath part,
And longing to be there. Oh ! what a void
Is the young spirit's blighted love destroyed
In its spring bloom of rapture. But farewell !
My pleasant home. Now none in thee may dwell
Of all who with me smiled. We go forth hence ;
And who can say there is not aught intense
In that strange parting thrill ? as at my side
My faithful dogs still watch the path I guide
Unto another home. We must depart.
I bear away the visions of a heart
Still lingering here. And what a binding spell
Death has dissolved ! But, my loved home, farewell
To thy familiar things, for now thy door
Hath closed on one it will receive no more.

AFTER RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT

IN AFFLICTION.

OH ! it was as a young and happy bride
That first, in sin's humility, I knelt beside
That sacred altar of meek faith and trust,
And promise given, where no earthly rust
Can enter and corrupt ; and I partook
In trembling hope, for sin the reed then shook.
Seeking that strength the Saviour can impart,
To aid with energy the fainting heart,
My lips were moistened with the emblem flood
Of His blessed body broken, and the blood
Of Jesus crucified, poured forth to give
Remission unto many who should live
In and through Him, whom He hath purified
By His redeeming love, and sanctified
The sinner's penitence in him reposed
With that deep grief to which He hath disclosed

His sure, unerring mercy—"Unto Me
Come ye who labor, and your rest shall be
In everlasting joy." This cup He left,
With His remembrance, when of Him bereft.
And in His hallowed memory did I
Kneel at His altar ; and His agony
Rose on my view—He who had come to take
The burthen from the weary, not to break
The reed which then was bruised—He who had been
For us a man of sorrows, and had seen
The travail of His soul, when anguish drew
Large drops of blood, when He, the Saviour, knew
That He must drink the cup, and when the prayer
Was offered to His Father, to prepare
According to His will, and angels came
From heaven to strengthen Him, He then the name
Of His Great Father blessed and glorified—
Him whom the world knew not, whose will was tried
And now accomplished, when His chosen Son
With His death struggle our deliverance won,
And gained for man a holy rest above,
With the last moaning of His dying love.
Was it for me ? And was I fit to kneel
Where laid those symbols ?—tokens to reveal

The body broke for us, the blood which poured
From the deep wounded side, when our blessed Lord
Bowed unto death—His soul an offering made
For our sins and transgressions. No : I stayed
My weakness on His strength, and cast my sin
All at the feet of Jesus, who, within
My spirit woke that thankfulness for all
The mercies God vouchsafed—the temporal
With the eternal blended. Now I go,
A weeping mourner, and my voice of woe
Ascendeth unto Him. Oh ! listen, Lord :
Let now my sorrow with my sins be poured
Into thy breast of mercy ; for I trust
That no affliction cometh from the dust
But sent by Thee. And, with Thine own dear Son,
Hear me, our Father—let Thy will be done.

Lord

THE WILLOW.

A willow, which had been planted as a sad memento on the grave of a husband, three months afterwards presented half of its foliage entirely dead ; the other was in full vigor, covered with young leaves—a faithful token of the separation which the widowed mourner laments.

Thou melancholy tree,

How every leaf of thine

Bears a sad record !—thou that dost derive

Thy nurture from the sod which mingles with

The sacred ashes of the silent dead.

Son,

Thy roots entwine around the mouldering clay

Of him on whom my heart had poured the deep

Idolatry of passionate affection, in the strength

And intense fervor of an only love,

Pervading every thought with vain excess

Of fondly cherished feeling, which had anguish in

Its very adoration ; for its fear would trace

The shadow of the grave upon each look

Which seemed with sadness fraught.

Oh ! I have gazed
On his dark eyes' bright language, till my soul
Seemed dreaming in the transport of its joy ;
But the fair blossoms of my hope have sprung
From hidden tears, whose secret fountain lay
In the dim future hours. The snowy wreaths
Of water-lilies, nourished by the stream,
Are a sad emblem of their transient bloom.
I did not think death *could* have veiled those eyes
Till mine were closed. But I have lived to plant
Thy mournful tribute o'er his narrow cell.
And what a token art thou of our fate !
For part of thee hath perished. Did the words
Wrung from mine anguish blight the leaves o'er which
Their breath had wandered ? Was the tender sap
Wasted beneath the burning moisture of
My tears of agony ? Did they shrink from
The widowed touch which placed thee here to droop
In monumental woe, as something of this earth
Still to call mine, invigorated from
The mouldering relic of his dear remains ?
Thou sad memorial, with thy branches which
Have faded where the earliest sun-beams rise,
And those in shaded gloom are verdant as

The spring's first tint. Thy new-born foliage will
Assume a darker hue, for it will be renewed
From the sepulchral mould ; and it may be
That I shall rest with him, and mingle then
With him in dust, where nought can alienate
Or aught divide. Then will the breath be hushed
Which waves thy leaves now with its mournful sigh—
Then will the snow remain untrodden—o'er
Our blended grave will no lone vigil keep
The silent hour—the tender moss will not
Be bruised with crushing steps.

But when my spirit hath
Burst from its bonds away, then wilt thou wave
In solitary exile o'er the lonely tomb ;
And the sad mystery of thy voice will grieve
In murmuring requiem ; and the twilight stars
Will watch through thee ; and evening dews will fall
With noiseless tears, and strew their glittering gems
Upon our rest. Then will the mourner find
Her last long home beneath thy tribute shade.